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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MISSOURI.—THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLEMEN—ESTHETIC COWBOYS AT LARGE IN THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 252.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

It would seem no more than reasonable to hope, now that the Presidential election is over, that Congress will give prompt attention to non-partisan measures of legislation, in which citizens of all classes have a common interest. Several measures of this character are on the files of one or the other of the two houses, and they ought to be acted upon even before the holiday recess. The Democratic Party, being about to enter into all but complete control of the Government, and no longer needing to pose for immediate party effect, should, for its own sake, if from no higher motive, seek to ally itself openly and heartily with every project to promote the "common welfare" of the nation. In this way only can it confirm its hold upon the country and win the confidence of the people. And the Republicans, if they hope to recover the power they have lost, should take the same patriotic course. With both parties thus inspired, there ought to be and may be a truce for a time to mere party contention, and a common devotion on the part of Congress to measures of practical concern.

Among such measures there are two which are of first-rate importance, and which have been too long delayed. One of these is the Bill regulating the count, in the presence of the two houses, of the votes of the several States for President and Vice-President. Fortunately the result of the recent election leaves no question in dispute, no issue for party or partisan on one side or the other. But so long as the defects of present legislation remain uncorrected, every quadrennial election will expose us to the dangers of revolutionary violence over unsettled questions of procedure on the part of Congress. The interest of every party as well as every citizen demands that the process of counting the electoral votes should be so clearly defined that no dispute can possibly arise. The present would seem to be a peculiarly favorable opportunity for bringing the two parties and the two houses into perfect agreement upon this subject. It is a shame that such an agreement has been so long delayed. The Bill already passed in the Senate, by the concurrence of the leaders of both parties therein, ought to be at once passed by the House.

The other measure we have especially in mind is the Blair Educational Bill, already passed by the Senate, affording aid from the National Treasury for the removal of the dark cloud of illiteracy which threatens the safety of the Republic. The proposed aid cannot be too quickly bestowed. The money required for the purpose is already in the Treasury, and two or three days at most should suffice for the work needing to be done on the part of the House. The President's signature to the Bill as soon as passed is not doubtful. We appeal with confidence to the representatives of the Southern States to give a hearty support to this measure. Some of them, of the extreme State Rights school, may doubt its constitutionality; but we think the majority entertain no scruples on this account. They ask us to believe that they and their constituents acknowledge and will in good faith maintain the equal civil rights of the negro. They could give no better assurance of the sincerity of this profession than by supporting the Blair Bill and aiding to carry it into effect. We believe we are not mistaken in saying that all the most eminent teachers and friends of education in the South are in favor of the Bill and looking anxiously for its passage. The nation enfranchised the negroes, in spite of their ignorance, as a choice of evils, and to the nation belongs the duty of enlightening that ignorance, which is a constant menace to the national welfare. The North and the South, forgetful of all past prejudices and repelleucies, should unite in this beneficent work. Nothing better calculated than such a co-operation to make the nation one in sentiment and aim, and to bury the memory of past dissensions, could scarcely be devised.

THE TINKERS OF SOCIAL ORDER.

THE next move of the Socialists towards anarchy is outlined by Lawrence Gronlund in his new book, "The Co-operative Commonwealth." This goes far ahead of Karl Marx and Frederick Harrison, of Justus Schwab, John Swinton and Henry George. He takes the ground, not only that land ought to be confiscated, as George does, and that capital ought to be confiscated, as Schwab does, but that everything ought to be confiscated and managed by the new government, the "Co-operative Commonwealth." Every man, woman and child in the scheme is to be an officer of the Government; that is, is to do some special thing, and be paid by the Government for doing it. Individual enterprise is to be entirely abolished, and the wage system, "the cause of all our misery," is to pass away. There are to be no "profits" in the patent system, and no wealth, for wealth is only "withheld wages." In the new Elysium there are to be no classes, except classes of laborers, no students of abstract science, no priests, no inventions, for there will be

no inducements to invent; no enterprise, no risks run, no great artists, for there will be nobody able to buy expensive pictures; no high culture, no wealth, and no poverty, excepting, perhaps, universal poverty. Under this political scheme, laborers are to elect their own bosses, the bosses will choose legislators, and the legislators will frame laws and submit them to the laborers. Simple, you see! And so easy! Let us get an efficient corps of able-bodied angels to handle the money and keep the books, and straightway organize this terrestrial heaven.

OVERCROWDING CITIES.

THE approach of Winter calls to mind the multiplied needs of all classes for shelter, for warmth, for clothing, and for food. Thousands in this city will soon suffer from the want of one or all of these comforts and necessities. One reason for this sad prospect is that New York is overcrowded. There are more workers than there is work. Many are earning nothing because they can get nothing to do. But expenses go on when wages cease.

Yet not alone is the city overstocked with laborers engaged in the manual and mechanical employments. Clerks, bookkeepers, accountants and salesmen are largely in excess of the demand. The applicants for all these places are so numerous that vacancies can often be filled at merely nominal salaries. The professions in this city are overrun. Lawyers and doctors come from all parts of the Union and settle in New York. Not only many who come to attend the law and medical universities and schools, remain, but innumerable quacks and adventurers and pretenders make New York their headquarters in order to more successfully fleece and pluck their dupes and victims. The Bar is at this time so overcrowded that not one-half its members can make a decent living. So-called attorneys branch out into so many other kinds of business, legitimate or otherwise, so that only about one-third of them are ever called upon to try a case in court. The vast army of doctors, for the most part, have so little practice that they are obliged to charge excessive fees to meet their current expenses. All the European cities are continually pouring musicians, artists, and teachers of music and the languages into New York. All American cities seem to be consigning to the metropolis its best and its worst writers for the press. Speculators gravitate towards New York where they are speedily relieved of any surplus capital accumulated through successful speculation. Inventors come here to find an appreciative capitalist, which they can generally do upon the basis of surrendering all right, title and interest in their inventions. As a consequence of this in-pouring of population from a thousand streams, this city has become one of the most expensive cities in the world to live in. Rents are treble what they are in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and the contrast between the expenses of living in New York and in Western cities and towns is still greater.

In view of all these conceded facts is not a word of warning timely to those who are thinking of coming to New York to seek their fortunes? With those who contemplate coming here to spend their fortunes the case is altogether different. But to the toilers with hands or brain, the rewards for manual or intellectual labor are so out of proportion to the cost of supporting families, that this great city is the one of all others for those not favored of fortune to shun.

Mr. Greeley's advice to young men to go West, contained both wisdom and philosophy. But the injunction "Stay West," is still wiser, and obedience to it on the part of young and old may save them a lifetime of trouble.

FIELDS FOR EXPLORERS.

THE reading public was startled, a few weeks ago, by the announcement that a lake, new to science but long known to voyagers and trappers, a lake as large as Lake Superior, had been discovered in the wilds of that chilly region of rocks and marsh which stretches eastward from Hudson Bay. It was said to lie 450 miles north of Quebec, and some distance north of Lake Mistassini, a long known but little visited lake. Professor Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, believes that the party mistook this lake for the Great Unknown, of which Indian hunters have told such wonderful tales. A new expedition is to be sent out to solve the question.

But the incident shows, at least, how little men really know of the earth's surface. Compare the way that England, for instance, is mapped out and measured to a hair's breadth, with the little that geographers know of the South American plateaus, of the wilds of Central America, of the great table-lands of the Hindoo Korsh and Thibet and Pamir. The romance has seemed to lie in Africa, but areas of the world's surface half as large as the United States have only been hastily crossed by single explorers; areas larger than the State of New York have never, so far as records show, felt the tread of a white man's foot.

For a century yet to come, well-trained men of vitality and strength, of linguistic and scientific and practical acquirements, will be in demand as explorers. It is a good business for the right sort of heroes, and, if they come back alive, the publishers will be ready to take their manuscripts, and the public will listen to their

stories, especially if they give their reports a commercial turn, as Stanley did. Show Americans where there is gold, or ivory, or precious stones, or costly woods, dyes and various natural products; open up a way to reach the track of an inland tribe, and we hail our explorer as pioneer of the race.

THE STUDY OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.

THOUGH scholars have long recognized the value of the study of the Celtic language, in the department of philology, it is only within recent years that its study has been withdrawn from the seclusion of the sanctum, and the language has come to be generally recognized as one of the oldest now spoken in the world. But much more is conceded than its venerable antiquity. A thousand years before English, at least in its present form, was spoken, a Celtic dialect had flowered into poetry and eloquence; a Celtic Christianity and culture had civilized the rude tribes of Western Europe—the Galatians to whom St. Paul wrote were Celts—and the tongue of the Irish Celt had been brought to such a state of ideal perfection that it was surpassed by no language unless by that of ancient Greece.

It is a circumstance, apparently incredible, that many persons live even in New York to-day who can speak a language that would probably have been well understood in ancient Gaul and Britain twenty centuries ago. But incredible as the statement may seem, in view of the rapid changes which languages undergo, it could be easily shown to be entirely reasonable.

The position of Celtic as one of the most ancient forms of human speech, one of the earliest outgrowths of the philology of the East, and the eldest daughter, if not the sister, of Sanscrit, has been established to the satisfaction of the learned throughout Europe and America, and its value as an aid in the study of ethnology and philology so fully realized, that Celtic chairs have been handsomely endowed and Celtic professorships established in the leading colleges of Europe. In Germany, where the study of philology is pursued with an assiduity unknown elsewhere, Professor Zimmer, in the University of Berlin; Professor Windisch, in that of Leipzig; Dr. Hugo Schuehardt, in that of Gratz; and Herr Kuno Meyer, of Leipzig, are engaged in the teaching and study of Celtic. In France, Monsieur H. Gaidez, the distinguished Celtic scholar, edits the *Revue Celtique*, the only magazine published, on the continent, devoted to Celtic literature; and in the College of France a Celtic chair was recently established, with the eminent archivist, Monsieur N. D'Arbois de Jubainville, as professor. In Italy, also, the most noted linguists are becoming deeply interested in the study of this ancient language, and the teaching of Irish has always been a marked feature at the Irish College at Rome. In Edinburgh University, principally through the efforts of Professor Blaikie, a Gaelic Professorship was recently established, with Dr. McKinnon in the chair, and a tardy recognition given to a language which was the language of the Court of Scotland and a majority of the people so late as the time of Malcolm Canmore.

In this country, within recent years, the study of Gaelic has been fostered by the efforts of various Irish societies, but so far its higher tuition in colleges has not been attempted. This is to be regretted, as, independently of its value to the linguist, it contains literary treasures which are well worthy of serious and intelligent study. In the Dominion of Canada, Scottish Gaelic is still spoken by a large percentage of the people, and services in that language are conducted in probably eight hundred churches every Sunday throughout the land.

The efforts of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in this city have not received the attention to which they are entitled. Possibly the production of the Gaelic Idyl at Steinway Hall on Thanksgiving evening may help to quicken popular interest in the subject, and attract to the Society the sympathy and appreciation which it has fairly earned.

THE IRON INDUSTRY.

IRON has often been referred to as the barometer of trade. If business in this branch of industry is dull other interests suffer. Just now, unfortunately, the iron trade is depressed. The production has greatly decreased in this country, and even in Scotland it is smaller than usual. Eglinton iron has been imported and sold here at about \$18 a ton, which is below the cost of importation. The great Scotch furnaces usually sell a considerable quantity of iron in the Continental markets every year—Russia, for example, being at times a large purchaser; but the trade is sluggish now. Moreover, the famous "Black vein" in Scotland is now so deep that it is very expensive to mine it, and for this reason the importations thither of iron ore from France and Spain are annually increasing.

This fact, however, is one of favorable omen for this country. We have iron furnaces capable of producing from 60,000 to 100,000 tons annually; but our iron manufacturers have always used considerable Scotch iron because it is not so hard as our own, and could be employed to advantage on that account. In the West a "soft" iron is produced, but it is not so strong as the Scotch, and this fact has to some extent interfered with

its sale here at the East. At the South the iron interest is being steadily developed, and there is a disposition among some English capitalists to buy iron lands in Virginia, as they believe that ultimately the duty in this country will be either abolished or greatly reduced.

As matters now stand there seems to be a prospect of considerable importations of foreign iron for some little time to come. It is true that the iron of the West and South is being improved as fast as possible, and that it is steadily growing in favor in this country; but foreign iron will nevertheless always be used if it can be obtained at low prices. The freight rate for a ton of iron from Glasgow, the great Scotch iron market, has in past seasons been as high as \$5 a ton, but now, by reason of the dullness of trade, it is only fifty cents; and it would not be surprising if iron were to be brought over as ballast, as it was some years ago. We are also in danger of importations of Midlothian iron. This English product is not so well liked in this country as the Scotch and the American, but manufacturers would use it at \$17 a ton.

As to the duty on pig iron, it is now \$6.72 a ton. Before the War there was an *ad valorem* duty that amounted to about \$3 a ton. Some think that the present tariff is unnecessarily high; that a reduction of \$1.50 a ton would do no harm to the trade; that the increase in the iron duty was a war measure, and that it may now be reduced in justice to the working classes especially, who are now too heavily taxed for stoves and various household utensils. But it is noticeable that Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, formerly so pronounced an advocate of a reduced iron duty, has now changed his mind, and says that, in view of the cheapness with which Scotch iron can be imported, he deems it inadvisable to reduce the tariff in this particular at this time.

It would be well to proceed cautiously in any legislation regarding this important branch of business. All over the country wages are being reduced or mills are being closed, and a false step might greatly add to the suffering that now seems inevitable.

THE CATTLE INTEREST.

WE elsewhere call attention to the National Convention of Cattlemen, recently held in St. Louis, to consider some questions connected with their interests. In many respects this Convention was one of the most remarkable of class congresses. For the first time in history, the representatives of all the great pastoral interests of a continent met together in council. More than this, it was an intelligent and able body of business men. These cattle kings of the West have brains and energy, and they have welded together a combination that may yet exert a vast political influence.

It is quite possible that this association will in time control and dictate to dealers, to railroads and to the world's food-supplies. In many respects the consolidation of these lesser associations into this great body might lessen the expense of food-production. They wish, for instance, a great national cattle-trail ten miles wide, laid out from Texas to British America, so that lean Texan cattle can be driven to the Montana pastures. They want laws permitting them to lease all unoccupied public lands for a term of years. They represent a vast capital and unlimited power—one association, of some 400 members, owning 2,000,000 head of cattle and being worth collectively \$150,000,000. Under these circumstances, if they enter politics, and chose to adopt the "lobby plan," their Association can organize one of the strongest lobbies that the country has ever seen. It will be well to keep this fact in mind. The rights of the small farmers in mountain valleys; of the poor men who have taken up unsurveyed Government lands, and "declared intention" upon it; of the frontiersmen who are not and never can be "cattle kings"—these the American people must guard and defend at whatever hazard. Every proposition that comes from this great association of cattlemen, while it deserves respectful consideration, should also receive close scrutiny. Perhaps their plan of a "cattle-trail" fifteen hundred miles long is feasible and advantageous to national interests; perhaps they must content themselves with a railroad. Let the future decide.

A NEW WORD NEEDED.

ALL live languages need constant reinforcement of new words. Writers of the English language have long felt the want of another neuter pronoun—the singular of "them"—to avoid the constant repetition of "him or her." The word "thon" has been suggested—an abbreviation of the words "the one," and quite as legitimate as the "s" of the possessive case, a shortening of "his." The need of a new pronoun may be shown in an indefinite number of cases. If two men dissolve partnership, for instance, it is easy to say that they divided their goods and each took his share and went his way. But suppose it is a man and a woman. Then we are compelled to say "Mr. A. and Mrs. B., having agreed to separate, divided their goods, and each took his or her share and went his or her way." This is as awkward as it can be; yet there is no better way of saying it in the English language. With "thon" it would be easy and graceful: "Mr. A. and Mrs. B., having agreed to separate, divided their goods, and each took thon share and went thon way." The word "thon" would be without

inflection, used alike in the nominative, possessive and objective cases. A writer in *The Current*, of Chicago, suggests an inflected pronoun "le, lis and lim," to be used thus, "If any boy or girl will diligently pursue the course I have marked out for him, he will surely reach the goal of his ambition." This would only complicate the language without any equivalent good. We do not need an inflected pronoun. It would be better, indeed, if the pronouns we have at present were without inflection—the nominative used also as possessive and objective. The word "whom," for instance, is a useless encumbrance. We cannot probably banish these, but we can prevent the inflection of a new pronoun, which would only increase the difficulty of securing its adoption. How can we get "thon" into the dictionaries and grammars?

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE debate upon the Tonquin credits, in the French Chamber of Deputies, has resulted favorably for M. Ferry. The Deputies having given the Premier a vote of confidence, and two credits of 16,000,000 francs and 43,000,000 francs respectively, active preparations are already making for the reinforcement of the French army and navy in China. It appears that the indemnity demands are not to be foregone, after all, and if anything is to check the aggressive course of France, it is likely to be the mishaps of her troops in Tonquin and Formosa, rather than the peace negotiations credited to Earl Granville and the Marquis Tseng. In both the places mentioned, the Chinese are virtually assuming the offensive, and the victories claimed by the French are of a dubious character. Thus far, M. Ferry has been more fortunate in the Chamber of Deputies than in China.

The German Reichstag, by a vote of 180 against 99, has adopted a resolution in favor of the payment of its members for their services as legislators. The resolution was strongly opposed by Prince Bismarck, who deprecated it as being in principle inimical to the interests of the country—having in mind, apparently, the stimulus which the prospect of legislative salaries would give to the Socialists and the indigent masses who form the bulk of the Liberal voters. While the resolution of the Reichstag is somewhat of a set-back for Prince Bismarck, it will not necessarily have a practical result, inasmuch as an appropriation for the purpose specified would have to be approved by the Bundesrath. In the discussion of the Budget for 1885, Herr Burchard, the Secretary of the Treasury, submitted the estimates with the admission that the financial exhibit was not satisfactory. The revenues from several sources, notably the beet sugar industry and tobacco, have fallen off unexpectedly, while the State burdens are increasing. In the meantime, the Reichstag rejects Bismarck's Bills for further taxation.

The work of the Congo Conference proceeds smoothly. On Thursday last the committee made its report, fixing the delimitation of the Congo Basin virtually upon the basis of Mr. Henry M. Stanley's scheme; that is, comprising all the centre of Africa and the western littoral, extending from the River Loge on the south to Sette on the north. The report was adopted. It contains a provision in favor of the extension of the Congo Basin boundary eastward, duly respecting the rights of Portugal, Zanzibar, and one native King. The Powers will offer their good offices on the spot for the settlement of any important questions that may arise. The question of free trade is to be discussed after the settlement of the frontier.

Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury last week arrived at a definite agreement upon the redistribution scheme, which is now before the British Parliament, and a hitch is regarded as impossible. The Cabinet is thoroughly united upon the question. The debate upon the second reading of the Bill is expected to be short. Parliament will adjourn about the 12th of December. Lord Northbrook's fiscal scheme for Egypt, although favored by Mr. Gladstone, has been rejected by the Cabinet as a whole, and new financial proposals have been sent out by Earl Granville to the Powers interested. The note lays particular stress upon the necessity for holders of the debt sharing in the sacrifices that may be required to restore the balance in the Egyptian Treasury. Telegrams received at Alexandria from the front ask for large additional supplies for the Nile expedition, which appears to be temporarily stranded at Dongola. A report that General Gordon has recaptured Berber has reached Suakin.

A peaceful settlement of the Bechuana trouble is predicted.—The Government has stopped the military and police expedition to the Isle of Skye, and quiet is restored among the crofters.—A serious conflict is developing between the Madrid students and the authorities.—The cholera panic is over in Paris.—The local court of the Duchy of Brunswick is in favor of the Duke of Cumberland as the successor of the late Duke.

LADIES can rule if they wish to, whether they vote or not. The twenty New York ladies knew this, who last week assembled at a rendezvous one morning, marched in procession to the dumping-grounds at the foot of East Forty-sixth Street, inspected the unclean garbage and offal, looked into the cellars of the slaughter-houses, took notes, and then marched off to report to the Grand Jury and ask its action. These ladies, if they be fearless and resolute, can do more to secure good government to New York than any hundred or even thousand voters in the city.

GENERAL LOGAN does not seem to be utterly cast down by his failure to win the Vice-Presidency. He doesn't, indeed, enjoy the sensation of defeat, but he does not propose to be overcome by it and lose his relish for all things sublunary. In conversation with a *Tribune* reporter, the other day, General Logan said he felt like the man who stubbed his toe and sat down on a stump to nurse it. "His neighbor came along and asked: 'Hurts pretty bad, don't it?' 'Yes,' replied the man, as he hugged the toe up closer in his hands; 'and the worst of it is I'm too big to cry, and it hurts too bad for me to laugh.'"

A PRACTICAL and praiseworthy charity has just been established by the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York city as a memorial of the late Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, who was for twenty years pastor of the church. The memorial takes the form of an apartment-house of a new order, the purpose of which is to furnish a home for mechanics and clerks of the neighborhood, giving them cozy, cheerful rooms at the same prices they now have to pay for uncomfortable quarters in cheap boarding-houses, or in overcrowded tenements. The first floor has a general reading and reception room; on the second floor are the parlors, and the third and fourth are provided with dormitories capable of accommodating 300 persons. There is a restaurant in the basement, where meals are to be supplied at moderate prices. Each floor will be provided with

baths, hot and cold water, and an elevator will run to the upper floors. Such a home will be a genuine boon to the class for whom it is designed, and will fitly perpetuate the memory of the worthy Christian gentleman and faithful divine whose name it bears.

A NUMBER of Presbyterians of the Presbyterian Church have been in session at Xenia, Ohio, for the purpose of taking measures to exclude organs from the church. The matter was discussed with much warmth, and was referred to the next assembly of the Church for action. The ungodly character of this disturber of church worship was clearly brought out, and scarcely less emphatic objection was made to the violin, flute and cornet, the harp and the piano. Most of the deacons seemed to insist that their own singing was all that was called for, and that those who were not satisfied with that would grumble at the performances of an angelic choir.

THE annual report of the Superintendent of the Life-saving Service states that during the past year there were 439 disasters to vessels within the field of station operations; that of the 4,432 persons on these vessels all but 20 were saved; and that, in addition 532 persons were succored at the expense of the service. The total value of the property involved in these disasters was \$10,607,940, of which \$9,161,354 was saved. The assistance rendered during the year in saving vessels and cargoes has been much larger than in any previous year, 390 vessels, which is 53 more than in the preceding year, having been worked off when stranded, repaired when damaged, piloted out of dangerous places, and similarly assisted by the station crew. Since the introduction of the service in 1871, there have been saved in 2,517 disasters, a total of 22,771 lives out of 23,217 involved, and an aggregate of \$32,898,436 of property in a total at risk of \$47,129,341.

THE newspapers are speculating as to Mr. Blaine's future. Some of them predict that he will seek to return to Congress, or be again a candidate for the Presidency; but we suspect that his real purpose is to finish his book before he hunts for any fresh employments, and that he will be quite content, after that, to accept whatever fortune may come to him, however humble it may be. He did not want the nomination for the Presidency, but he accepted it as a duty he owed his party, and the loss of the prize caused him far less annoyance than it caused many of his friends. As to his future, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times*, writing from Augusta, indulges in these predictions, which are probably very nearly correct: "There is a belief here that, while Mr. Blaine may go back into public life for a few years, he will not permit himself to be again pushed for the Presidency. His ambition seems to be simply to take part in the movements which are to rebuild his party, and at the same time demonstrate to the country that he is great enough to be beaten for the Presidency without its breaking his spirit, destroying his temper, or, indeed, making the remaining years of his life a burden to him. This is a creditable ambition. He is only fifty-four years old, and there is plenty of time for the greatest politician of his age, and in many respects the most remarkable man, to leave behind him recollections of a busy life that will make his countrymen forget all the bitterness that his political battle has bred."

MADemoiselle NEVADA, so young, so graceful, so tuneful and so winsome, has stormed and taken the hearts of her countrymen and countrywomen. They are justly and contentedly proud of her. That she had won name and fame in the most exacting school in the world was "glad tidings of great joy"; but to see her at home, to hear her warble, to ascertain if she was still American, was the concentrated desire of the enormous audience gathered together at the Academy of Music to witness her *début* on the premier operatic stage of this, her native land. The scene was a memorable one, the Academy one bouquet of color, diamonds flashing like dewdrops. The *débutante*, so perfect an impersonation of the much wronged maiden, timidly came on in the midst of hearty applause. Ere the curtain rang down the applause rose to thunder. There was electricity in the air, and it displayed itself in rapturous glaudits as the talented American girl thrilled the audience with the delicious "Ah Non Giunge." But to that audience there was a something more exquisite still than even Bellini's masterpiece. And that audience, when their "own child" came to the footlights and attempted, choked with genuine tears, to give them "Home, Sweet Home," rose at her, and from that instant the mysterious abiding link of sympathy bound her to them for ever and aye. Mademoiselle Nevada is ours, and ours only. And Patti! she too is of us. She who has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her *début*, is proudly claimed by us the queen, the empress of song. What an impressive scene as the peerless *prima donna*, in a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed: "My dear friends—It is twenty-five years since I sang here for the first time. The reception you have given me overcomes me. I am so overwhelmed by your kindness that I cannot say more." And what a scene the "drawing home" to the Windsor—the four white horses, the torch-bearers, the procession, the friends and the serenaders. Verily a memorable week in the annals of the music of New York.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE mills at Fall River, Mass., have resumed operations, and it is believed that they will be able to run all through the winter.

THE net revenue of the Federal Government for the last fiscal year was \$348,519,869, being \$49,767,712 less than the previous year.

THE Middletown (N. Y.) National Bank has suspended, owing to irregular loans made by the president without the knowledge of the directors.

THE next House of Representatives will consist of 184 Democrats and 141 Republicans. The present House has 201 Democrats and 124 Republicans.

THANKSGIVING DAY was officially recognized in the Catholic Plenary Council at Baltimore by a Pontifical Mass and sermon, and a decree was recorded prescribing in future annual observance by all the churches in the country.

It is believed that the Hocking Valley mining troubles, which have continued nearly six months, and been marked by violence and disorder, will soon be over, the authorities having determined to bring to justice all persons who have been most actively engaged in intimidating others from going to work and making attacks upon the guards.

FOREIGN.

DEMONSTRATIONS of unemployed men in Paris continue to trouble the authorities.

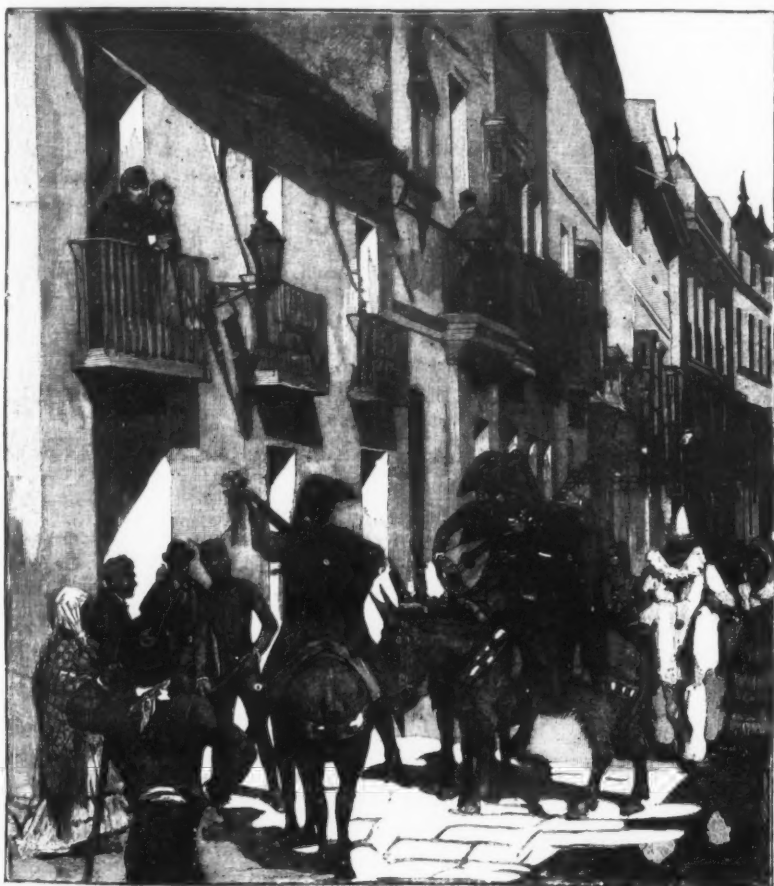
It is reported from India that the probabilities of a mutiny of the natives are very great, and that English officers are solicitous for Government precautions.

THE Government of Switzerland is making war on Mormon propagandists. Strict repressive laws have been enacted, and two apostles have already been arrested and committed to jail.

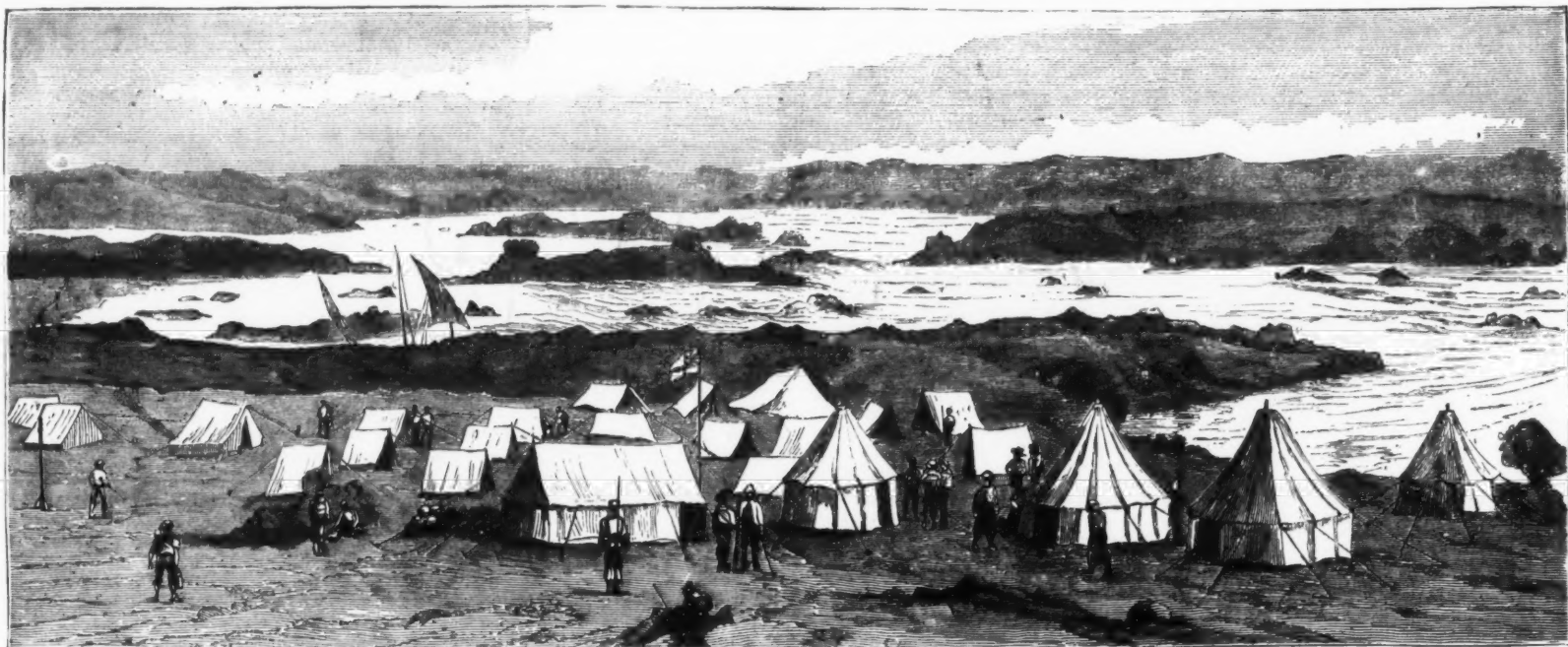
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 247.



FRANCE.—THE LATE EXPERIMENT IN MILITARY BALLOONING AT CHALAIS.



SPAIN.—A CARNIVAL SCENE IN SEVILLE.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—A BRITISH CAMP AT WADY HALFA, NEAR THE SECOND GATE OR GREAT CATARACT.



TONQUIN.—A REVIEW OF THE NATIVE SOLDIERY AT HANOL.



FRANCE.—THE LATE M. VAUCORBEIL, DIRECTOR OF OPERA.

TRAPPED.

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER I.

A WILD stormy evening near the end of October—an evening when the rain, whirled and driven by the raging sou-wester, became a veritable scourge to lash the face and eyes of any one who might be exposed to its fury. One person, whom we shall know later on, was so exposed. This person, then, was making his difficult way along a road in the wild country of Blankshire. He held a bag in one hand and a disabled umbrella in the other. Between his teeth he gripped a pipe, at which he pulled hard to keep it alight. There were trees on either side of the road, and as the hurricane, like a great wind-sea, went billowing about the land, he could hear many a bough snapped short by the stress of its strength. In the lulls of the tempest one would seem to hear strange unearthly voices calling and replying, but the lulls were brief indeed, and always resulted in more violent outbreaks, as if the wind had rested to gain fresh force.

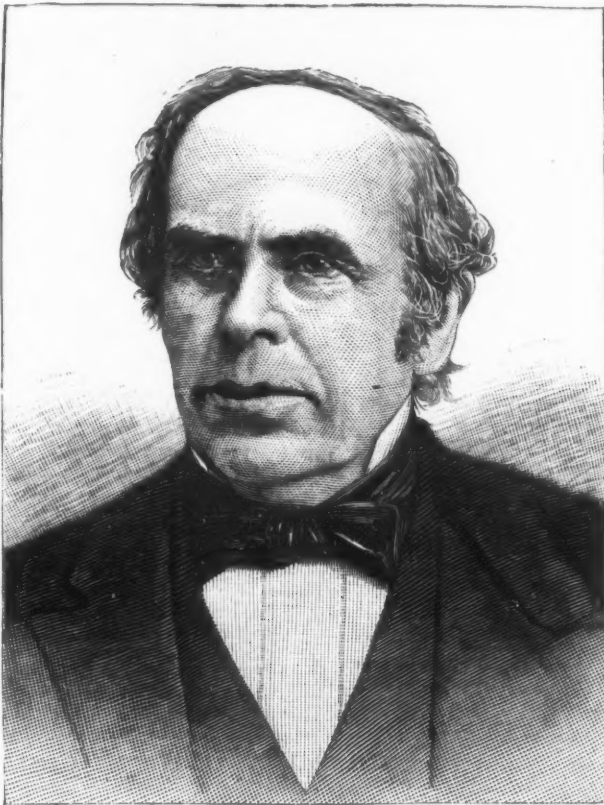
Outside of man—as he has been manifested to us in some of his dealings in past ages—nothing seems possessed by such a fiendish spirit as a really great wind, if attended by rain. The roar of an angry sea is a thing grand and terrible to hear; but the wind exults and delights like a fiend in all the dreadful havoc that is going on—a feminine fiend, albeit we have been taught to regard the wind as of the masculine gender! And the voice of the fiend shrieks and yells for more and more disaster, more and more glut of death, till it breaks into a shrill falsetto, and is answered by the immense, deep boom and heavy roll of the great waves as they come and go.

"Yes, have it your own way, fiend!" ejaculated the man. There was good reason for his ill-temper, for he was drenched to the skin, and was almost blind with the rain in his eyes. "No!" he went on, "no one in sight! not a soul to speak to!" and he uttered another malediction on the weather.

At that very moment he could hear a sound of wheels coming rapidly in his direction. The conveyance, however, whatever it might be, carried no light, and for the violence of the wind—which seemed at times as if it must leave him senseless upon the ground—he could not tell, certainly, whether the wheels were coming on the right side or the left of him, so he shouted, with his uttermost strength, trying to match his voice against the wind:

"Look out there! and stop!"

After this had been vociferated three or four times, a light cart came to a halt in the middle of the road, a few yards from where the foot-passenger was standing



RHODE ISLAND.—HON. W. P. SHEFFIELD, NEWLY-APPOINTED U. S. SENATOR.

PHOTO. BY WRIGHT.—SEE PAGE 246.

"Right you are, governor!" said the cheerful voice of the driver. "Rough weather!"

"How far is it to the nearest village, the way I am going?" inquired the man in the road.

"How far?" answered the man in the cart. "Well, there ain't what you may call a real village nearer than Popilton."

"And how far may that be?"

"Just about four miles."

"Can I get a bed there?"

"When you get to Popilton—if you ever do, a night like this!—you go to the Three Jolly Drummers and try. They have beds there, and good beds, if they ain't full. That's the trouble—it's run on a good deal by sporting gents. Glad to drink your health, sir!"

To this friendly willingness, the other responded by a sound which for the moment utterly mystified and dumbfounded the man in the cart. It was, however, nothing more than a French oath, hissed between the teeth with true French vindictiveness.

The English are brutal; the French are vindictive.

The man in the cart speedily recovered himself, and turning round, shouted after the fast-receding figure of the foot-passenger:

"You don't want nothin' for your money, do you?"

This sarcasm, the point of which was to say the least of it doubtful, was followed by a long string of those unsavory expletives in which a wronged Briton gives vent to his indignation; but regardless of everything except the weather, the stranger held resolutely upon his way, talking to himself, sometimes in English, sometimes in French. In spite of the wind, which dealt him great blows at every step, and the rain which lashed him, he could not have been walking more than an hour when he distinguished lights ahead of him, and in a few minutes more found himself in the one, wet, shivering street of Popilton, which in its present aspect looked forlorn enough. But one shop in the street was to be seen open and that was, of course, the shop of the place; it sold candles and groceries, and cheese, and sweets, and apples and nuts, and drapery and tobacco, and pipes in which to consume the same, and stationery. In fact, it is difficult to say what it did not sell; the wonder was that so small a shop could have held so much material of various kinds.

The traveler, who was footsore, for he had walked far that day, and whose clothes were heavy with rain, opened the door, which caused a little bell attached thereto to tinkle sharply, and admitted himself and a stupendous gust of wind, which almost extinguished the one candle by which the shop was lighted. The traveler knocked the ashes of his pipe out against the counter, and asked for an ounce of tobacco. While it was being carefully weighed, he inquired his way to the Three Jolly Drummers, and having received his direction, once more went on his road. This time he had not far to go, as the inn stood at the bottom of the street.

He looked up at the sign, on which the Three Jolly Drummers, so reputed, looked anything but jolly, as portrayed by the hand of the village artist, who doubtless in his time had been a wag. But



TRAPPED.—"ONE PERSON WAS MAKING HIS DIFFICULT WAY ALONG A ROAD IN A WILD COUNTRY." . . . "HER FACE WAS PALE AND BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED; THE MOUTH SMALL AND UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE."

the inn itself, even from outside, had a cheery aspect, its windows being lined with red blinds, which, lit from within by lamp and fire, made a delightful glow of color.

Gladly enough the wayfarer walked into the warmth and light. He closed the door behind him, went up straight to the bar, and asked the pretty country girl who was serving behind it if he could have a bed for the night. The girl was afraid not, but she would speak to her mistress.

Oh, moments of agonizing suspense! After he had eaten and drunken, was he to be housed for the night? To stretch his weary limbs between clean, fragrant sheets—to fold his arms, and rest, and fall asleep watching the bright fire-light flickering on the wall—hearing the wind and the rain beating round the house, and he safely out of their reach—this, or to go forth again and walk probably a dozen weary miles before any town where he might reasonably expect shelter could be gained?

The landlady herself now appears, buxom and smiling, the picture of good humor. To such landladies belong only the best of beds. She is very sorry that all her four beds are occupied. "Such a bad night, too!" She "is quite put about, that she is!" Would ask him if he did not mind to sleep on the sofa in the bar-parlor, but so full have they been for the last week that she and her husband are obliged to sleep there themselves!

The traveler asked if there was any place where he could sit down, and was shown at once into the before-mentioned parlor, where a bright fire was burning. He sat down by it and demanded bread and cheese, and, first of all, a glass of hot brandy and water. "That's one of their good English notions," he said to himself, as he threw his bag aside, and saw that the rain had drenched all its contents as it had drenched him.

Top-coat he had none. He set down before the fire his soft felt hat, which the rain had made painfully sodden and heavy, and from which under the fire's heat the steam ascended.

The stranger, standing with his back to the fire, the glass of comforting brandy and water in his hand, proved to be of slight but well-made figure. He was graceful in all his movements, but graceful more as a woman than as a man. His face was intellectual, with something hard and subtle—a physiognomist would have said cruel—about the lips. His eyes were brightly and clearly blue. He could not have been more than thirty years old, but his forehead was seamed by deep lines, as of one who had greatly lived. This, however, only added to the interest of his face. His hands were long, white, and well-shaped. He had the look and voice and manner of a man well-born. He was standing ruefully eyeing his soaked bag, when a vehicle drew up sharply in front of the door, and a man's voice, strong and cheery, greeted the landlady.

"Well, Mrs. Cooper! Overtaken by this wretched weather! Drove over to Colstone to do some commissions for the ladies, and you see how I am rewarded! Near the Firs, as I am, I can't get past here without a pint of your famous ale, and a minute's warm at your cheerful fire. Full as usual, Mrs. Cooper?"

"That you may say, sir, so full that there's a poor gentleman in the parlor as I can't take in now, although the gent's all but drowned!"

"Dear, dear!" replied the newcomer, walking into the parlor. He was a powerfully-built, broad-chested young fellow, overflowing with animal spirits and good nature, an Englishman of the best type. He inclined his head towards the other occupant of the room, and remarked that it was a night not fit for a dog to be out in. The other agreed, and smilingly sketched his position as we know it.

"No," replied the Englishman, "I don't suppose you can count, in these wild parts, on getting housed under twelve or fourteen miles. Well, I'm sorry for you with all my heart!"

"It's a dreadful night for the gentleman to have to go on in, and be soaked through already," said the landlady, bustling in and setting a foaming tankard of ale upon the table. "Well, if we can do no more for you, sir, we'll keep you as warm as we can while you're here," and she flung a fresh pine-log on the fire.

The rich potent ale sent even an added glow of good-fellowship to the newcomer's always warm heart. He looked at the stranger steaming himself before the fire, and at the bag containing his drenched change of linen. The man was well-dressed, and a gentleman to all appearance. He thought vaguely of the stranger who fell among thieves—the cases were not identical, but there was a resemblance between them. He drained the contents of his tankard, and said as he set it down:

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir; but if you want to know who I am, this will at least tell you my name," and he handed the other a card, on which was engraved:

"HORACE GILBARD,
OLD COURT, INNER TEMPLE."

The recipient of the card bowed his acknowledgment, and Mr. Gilbard went on:

"I don't live down here; I am at present on a visit to an old lady, a dear friend of mine, whose daughter I hope will shortly be a dearer friend still—in fact, the dearest friend a man can have! I am now on my way to their house—the Firs—and if you will come with me and let us put you up for the night and see after you, I know they would be only too glad. Why, man alive, it would be sheer madness to go on! To let you do so would be like letting you take your own life. You'll come with me and we'll make you comfortable."

"You are but too good," returned the stranger, speaking with a slight foreign accent; "and I shall accept your proffered hospitality with the utmost thankfulness, for—as you say in England

—I am pretty well beat. You have given me your card—pray accept mine."

The card which he handed to Gilbard, who only just glanced at it, was inscribed:

"M. ALBERT D'AURELLES."

In a very few minutes the score had been settled and the two men, seated side by side in the high dogcart, were driving at an almost perilously swift rate through the loud, tempestuous night, Gilbard shouting aloud to warn any unfortunate foot-passenger out of the way, although the light cart swerved from side to side as if it must every moment sway over altogether. In the course of a few minutes more they reined up sharply; Gilbard called aloud, and his call was answered by the clamorous barking of many dogs. Then the great gates of the carriage-drive swung back, and a man appeared, lantern in hand, ready to take the horse when the house was reached.

"Yes, that will do, Jones!" exclaimed Gilbard, as he sprang down. "She'll want a good feed of corn to-night, for she's come fast and far. Now, Monsieur d'Aurelles, if you will kindly come this way, I will leave you to get acquainted with the smoking-room, while I see that a bedroom is made ready for you. The smoking-room is my institution here, and I am rather proud of it; I think it is, or should be made, the jolliest room in the house."

An hour after this, behold Monsieur Albert—having luxuriated in a warm bath as only a man at once cold and weary can luxuriate—attired in his new friend's clothes!—which, to put it mildly, were amply big enough for him, though what would have made any other man look absurd, he carried off with a sort of negligent grace. In a minute more, he was entering with his benefactor a large, solidly-furnished, oaken-wainscoted, old-fashioned dining-room. It was lit by many candles, and a large crystal, rose-shaded lamp, which depended by long chains from the ceiling. A brilliant wood-fire burned in the immense open fireplace. Near to it two ladies were standing, whom Gilbard at once introduced as Mrs. and Miss Lennard.

"I have to thank you more than I can say, ladies, for your kindness to a wayfarer and a stranger. It will be yet another grateful recollection I shall have of your country when I am far away from it," said Monsieur d'Aurelles, bowing very low.

Mrs. Lennard, whose future son had really wronged her by calling her an "old lady," was the model of a gracious Englishwoman, midway, it might be, in her fifties. Warm-hearted and kind to weakness, she replied that they were only too happy to have been of any service. Really, and he was not English? Well, she should never have thought it, though, now he called her attention to it, she could just discern a slight foreign accent. Then the four sat down to table, and the late dinner—late, indeed, to-night—was served, to which Gilbard did such justice as a healthy Englishman can, especially when he has been long exposed to bad weather. But the Frenchman, who but an hour or two before had felt ravenous, found himself now only able to taste of each dish. Of wine, however, he drank feverishly, like a man whose throat is parched by thirst. His place at table was opposite Miss Lennard's, so that it would have been impossible for him not to know before dinner was over what she was like to look at. And what did he see in her?

He saw a woman who might have been six or seven and twenty, about the average height, with an exquisitely developed figure, if anything a trifle too abundant in its gracious outlines—and yet, who shall say? She was dressed in a long, flowing, tightly-fitting silk, as if she tried by her dress to appear older, not younger, than she really was. The face was pale, and beautifully shaped; the mouth small and unusually sensitive. In the eyes, which were of a soft grayish green, there was a dreamy, far-away expression, as if they were looking for something she had missed in her life.

The classical head was crowned by folds of wonderful red-gold hair. Her fingers were long and slender, but firm to touch, showing that nervous strength which is generally inseparable from a really passionate nature—and that such a nature was hers, her mouth bore witness. When called to the affairs of everyday life, the dreamy look would quite vanish from her eyes, and they would seem to become at times very well-heads of mirth, suggesting clear waters which the wind and sunlight surprise together. Her laugh had in it the depth and fullness which comes with matured womanhood, and which is totally distinct from the clear silvery treble of a girl's laughter. I am not here saying which of the two yields the more delightful music. I am simply distinguishing between them.

Her manner was a rapid alternation of languor with animation—the animation taking you by surprise as an unexpected wave will, breaking suddenly over a quiet sea. Her voice had in its quieter passages something of the peace and purity of moonlight. In its gayer phases it was characterized by a gentle vehemence. If the terms seem irreconcilable, the fault is not mine. I can only see her as seen through the eyes of Albert d'Aurelles; only hear her as heard through his ears. Rather than through the eyes and ears of her lover? Yes, even so. Horace Gilbard felt all the charm of his betrothed, though he would have been at a loss to say in what it consisted. But the Frenchman, among other things, was a poet, and he had a poet's love of analyzing whatever he came across. So he analyzed Miss Lennard's charm, as well as the influences it produced upon him.

After dinner in the smoking-room, he asked Gilbard with courteous interest some questions concerning her, and learnt that she was a great reader. In conclusion, the young fellow said:

"I trust before Christmas time to take her out of this. It's lonely for her—confounded lonely!" Shortly afterwards, they retired for the night;

but how disappointing to D'Aurelles was the long-looked-forward-to time of rest! The bed yielded him none. He ached in all his bones; he burned and shivered by turns. He heard the wind storming about the house, and through it he heard the clock of the church which stood close by chime all the hours.

There are times when a man is possessed by a feeling of tragic forlornness which no words can depict, when he seems even forsaken of himself. Such hours were those to Albert d'Aurelles, as he tossed from side to side upon his bed, and longed for the first glimpse of morning light. When it came, he fell into an uneasy dose, through which he seemed to fancy Miss Lennard's presence in the room. Later on, he awoke to find himself in a highly feverish condition, and to hear from Gilbard that the doctor had been sent for and would shortly be upon the spot.

The attack from which Albert suffered, although sharp, was brief; and within a week of his arrival at The Firs he was able to leave his room. Horace Gilbard had been compelled the day before to leave for London, assuring his new friend that the women were born nurses, and would take excellent care of him.

He was so weak from his illness as to find the dressing of himself quite a labor. It was late in the afternoon when he descended, leaning on the arm of a servant, who informed him that there were visitors in the drawing-room, and Miss Lennard thought he might not be strong enough to see them, so he was to be shown to her own sitting-room, where he would be quite quiet.

This room was a charmingly-furnished, odd-shaped, old-fashioned apartment, situated in a remote corner of the house. As the door was opened, a delicious perfume came out as it were to meet him, at the same time Miss Lennard advanced towards him.

"I am so very glad to see you," she said, holding out her hand. "That is where you are to sit, please," indicating a luxurious easy-chair drawn up close to the fire. "Shall I ring for candles, or do you prefer the firelight only, till it gets absolutely dark?"

He took the chair to which she signed him, and replied that nothing could be more acceptable than the fire-lit dusk.

Then, close by the window, came an unexpected shouting of many boys:

"Please to remember the 5th of November.
Gunpowder, treason and plot!
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!
Holloa, boys! holloa, boys! make the bells ring!
Holloa, boys! holloa, boys! God save the Queen!"

For a long time afterwards these matchlessly-foolish words clove to his memory, as the most trivial words, the most meaningless incidents will, when associated with any important train of events in our lives.

"The noise startles you?" said Catherine Lennard.

She rang the bell, and bade the servant dismiss the boys with a shilling.

He asked what it meant.

"I forgot you were not English," she said, smiling, and then explained to him the old English custom of carrying about on the 5th of November an effigy of Guy Fawkes, to become at night the fuel for a bonfire. "Do you really feel stronger?" she asked, in a voice that harmonized well with the soft twilight.

"Yes, really," he answered, looking from the fire in her direction, and past her to the tall, windless trees outlined against the sky. "Stronger, but still pleasantly weak. I can never thank you sufficiently for the goodness you have all shown to me."

"Please don't talk of thanks, but tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

"Am I to answer quite frankly?"

"You are."

"Then I will ask you to say some poetry to me. Mr. Gilbard let out that you were fond of it. Oddly enough, to love genuinely what so few people know anything about, is also a weakness of mine."

"How glad I am! What shall I recite?"

"Choose for yourself, please."

After a moment's deliberation, she began repeating some of the most dramatic of Tennyson's poems. The deep melody and suppressed passion of her voice in reciting thrilled him to his heart's centre. When she paused, he told her a little French *chanson*, which delighted her; and when he saw how she kept murmuring over to herself the last lines of it, he admitted that the lines were of his own composition.

A harmless pastime enough, one would think, this of two people sitting in the firelight and quoting poetry against each other. But few things in this world that are nice are harmless—very seldom, indeed, where the sexes are concerned.

Presently Mrs. Lennard, having got rid of her visitors, bustled in, and candles were lit. After this, dinner was served; after which, and having smoked one pipe in the smoking-room, Monsieur d'Aurelles played a game at *carté* with Mrs. Lennard, and then, quite wearied out, went to bed; and there, as he watched the firelight fairies come and go about the room, he fell asleep, to dream of the strange, lovely eyes, and even stranger and lovelier voice, of Miss Lennard. She did not dream of him, but she did think it was a blessing to have met at last with any one who could share her love of poetry as this man did. In all ways Horace was dear and desirable to her except in this one way alone, that he proudly vaunted his imperviousness to the refining influence of the high arts.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSOR LASHINGTON has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and Professor Alexander Bain has been elected to the same honor at Aberdeen University.

THE CRESCENT CITY.

NEW ORLEANS itself will be one of the greatest curiosities that can be offered to visitors who may go there for the first time during the coming World's Exposition. It is not only one of the few cities that can boast of any antiquity, but it has peculiarities that are entirely its own. There is nothing similar to it anywhere to be found, unless it may be St. Augustine, in Florida, which it resembles in its traces of quaint old buildings and in a people still claiming affinity with a foreign ancestry. It can scarcely be said, either, that New Orleans is a very old city. Compared with what is found in Europe, it is yet but in the springtime of Youth, but the marks of age are there; many of its buildings belong to an extinct era of architecture, and its people belong to three races—the Latins, the Gauls and the Anglo-Saxons. There is or was a popular impression that New Orleans is divided by its main thoroughfare, Canal Street, into two parts; that on one side only English is spoken, and on the other only French. This is a mistake, but it is yet true that the eastern section of the city is like the Latin quarter of Paris, and it is largely if not wholly occupied by French creoles, who either adhere to the language of their fathers or use the *patois* so admirably copied by the story-writer, Geo. W. Cable. They are good Catholics, also, and cling with devotion to the old cathedral of St. Louis, which, if it were found in Aix or Arles, Dieppe or Bordeaux, would inevitably be placed away back in the times of Louis or Charlemagne. Most of the signs or other evidences of trade are in French, with occasional shop titles that will remind the traveler of foreign lands, such as *Le diable rouge* or *Au gagne-petit*. In the market-place the active dealers use both languages with adroit facility, and alternate from one to the other with extraordinary rapidity and almost deafening eloquence. It has been said that there are old people who live in the French quarter who have never crossed Canal Street, and that there is still existing a class antagonism between the two races, but this is doubtful. The chief ground for the latter is that the French live by themselves, and retain their own customs as they do their religious faith, but aside from that the races work in harmony. The Americans are the merchants, the French the *petit merchants*, of the metropolis; and now, under the new order of universal liberty, it is probable that there will be more of an intermingling of the population than has been the case heretofore.

The *Crescent City*, so called from a splendid circular sweep of the Mississippi on its main front, was settled in the year 1718 by a French Canadian, named De Bienville. He went there, it is said, in furtherance of the schemes of John Law, who was then the great financial arbiter of France. The territory of Louisiana was supposed to extend to Canada, and as far west as the settlers wished to go. Louisiana passed from French to Spanish rule, and so remained until 1803, when, by another treaty, it was handed back to France, and twenty days later the tricolor of that nation gave place to the Stars and Stripes of the Republic, a triumph of diplomacy of more value to this country than any other territorial acquisition it could possibly make. The control of the mouths of the Mississippi by any foreign power would lead to inextricable confusion. It was but twelve years later that General Jackson obtained the victory over the British troops that made his name famous all over the world and that eventually placed him in the Presidential chair. The city possesses a statue of Jackson in the public square, formerly known as the *Place d'Armes*. At the time of the transfer New Orleans boasted of but 10,000 inhabitants. Its progress after that was extremely rapid, and it now numbers very nearly 250,000 people. It would be a city of 1,000,000, probably, but for the scourge of yellow fever, which is likely to visit it at any time, but which affects only strangers. Some of the epidemics have been very severe. Aside from that the health of the city is as good as any other, and the climate through the Winter is very delightful. Oranges thrive there, though not so plentifully as in Florida, and many semi-tropical fruits, while flowers blossom in the open air all the year round.

The first striking peculiarity of New Orleans is its location. The city itself lies below the level of the Mississippi, from which it is protected by an immense bank of earth called a levee, and it is on this that the largest part of the business of the city is transacted. From the levee the land slopes very gradually back to Lake Pontchartrain, which forms the northern boundary of the city, and which receives its drainage and sewage. If then there is such a freshet of the Mississippi as to cause a breakage of a levee above the city, the water running back to the lake causes such a rise there as to back its waters up, and New Orleans has thus been frequently inundated, and we have heard of alligators being seen in Canal Street, and of fish being caught from parlor windows. But these are only the incidents of years; New Orleans has its charms, which are perennial and perpetual. Its streets are wide, with central avenues of trees; its public buildings and hotels are models of architectural taste and comfort. It has numerous churches, and its places of amusement are among the best in the country. As to its people, they excel in hospitality, and in all the ordinary human virtues it would be difficult to find their superiors.

Let none hesitate to visit the Crescent City who can possibly do so. They will find a people thoroughly content with their present situation and only desirous to make their town the Queen City of the South. They are learning Northern ways, as they should have done long ago, their leading men and merchants being largely from the North; they are liberal and enthusiastic, and live more luxuriously than in any city outside of New York. They have put up the largest exhibition building ever seen in the world, and we are certain that, with the mixture of Northern shrewdness and Southern fire, an exposition of industries will be given of which the whole country may be proud.

HON. WM. P. SHEFFIELD,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

HON. WM. P. SHEFFIELD, who has just been appointed United States Senator from Rhode Island, is a representative citizen of that State, having been for nearly forty years more or less prominently identified with its politics. He was graduated from the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Rhode Island Bar. He represented New Shoreham in the General Assembly in 1843 and 1844; Tiverton in 1849-51 and 1852, and Newport from 1857 to 1861. In 1861 he was elected a Representative to the Thirty-seventh Congress, as a Republican, and served until 1863. He was then re-elected to the General Assembly, from Newport, which position he has filled ever since, with the exception of two years. He was a mem-

ber of the committee which revised the State laws in 1869, and has had much to do with shaping the statutes as they now are.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW FRENCH MILITARY BALLOON.

We have already given in the Spirit of the Foreign Illustrated Press a number of pictures relative to recent progress in military aeronautics in France, including the cigar-shaped balloon of Captains Renard and Krebs, with which several successful experiments have been made at Chalais. The latest trial-trip of this interesting aerostat was made on Saturday, November 8th. The balloon rose from the Park of Chalais, drifted a mile or two with the light breeze that was blowing, and then, obeying propeller and helm, returned by the same line to the place from whence it started. The entire ascension lasted three-quarters of an hour, being the most satisfactory yet made. Our engraving shows the return of the balloon to its station, after the successful aerial voyage.

THE CARNIVAL AT SEVILLE.

It is only in Spain that the carnival retains the wild follies, the mad foolery of the olden time, and those serenades by frolicsome young gentlemen seated on the backs of donkeys. The *confette*, or bon-bons, which are cast forth from white and brown hands alike, are still in vogue, as also are the blown bladders on the ends of sticks, with which one belabors his neighbors like Tom Fool in a County Fair. Seville, stately and picturesque, is seen at her best while in carnival or in her religious processions. During the latter the ladies, wearing the high court and black lace mantilla, are *de rigueur*; and the peasants, who flock in from the surrounding country, wear those quaint and charming costumes poor Fortunio loved to paint. Flowers are in great demand in Seville during the carnival, and a gay caballero pays as much as twenty pesetas for a single hot-house carnation. The carnival is the season for frolic, and the haughtiest "Don" drops a little of his dignity in the whirl of its wild, almost lawless, revelry.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

We give an illustration of the Great, or Second, Cataract of the Nile, showing a British camp at Wady Halfa—the point at which the expeditionary force concentrates for organization and drill. It is at this point—the Second Gate, so called—that the danger and difficulty of hauling up the infantry boats begins. A line of rail runs by the side of the river, but the rolling stock is so poor that it would take an indefinite period to transport 900 boats. The railway, therefore, is chiefly occupied in forwarding stores as far as Sarra, when the river and camels will be the only mode of transport.

REVIEW OF TONKINESE TROOPS AT HANOI.

We add this week to our interesting series of pictures illustrating the Franco-Chinese campaign one of a review of native troops at Hanoi. The costume of these soldiers, as well as their surroundings, are faithfully reproduced from sketches made on the spot. The Tonkinese are intelligent and tractable, and the improvised militia, drilled by European officers, form valuable auxiliaries to the meagre French forces in the interior of the country.

THE LATE M. VAUCORBEIL.

Emmanuel Auguste Vaucorbeil was called to the directorship of the Paris Grand Opera House in 1879, and held it up to the time of his recent decease. His five years' administration forms an important chapter in the history of the national academy of music. As a musician, his predilections were for the school of Gluck, Mozart, Rossini and Meyerbeer; but he entered with enthusiasm into the production of such modern works as Gounod's "Polyeucte," and "Le Tribut de Zamora." Thomas's "Françoise de Rimini," and Saint-Saëns's "Henri VIII." Personally he was respected and beloved in the artistic circles of Paris. He won considerable fame as a composer, his chief works being an opera-comique to a libretto by Sardou, entitled "Bataille d'Amour"; a lyric scene, "La Nymphé de Diane," and a grand opera entitled "Mahomet." M. Vaucorbeil was born in Paris in 1821, and previous to his appointment to the directorship of the Opera held the position of Government Commissioner of the subventioned lyric theatres. Messrs. Gailhard and Ritt have just been appointed to succeed him at the Opera.

SOME ELECTION WAGERS.

The Philadelphia Times says that "perhaps the furthest-reaching bet of the campaign in its results is one made in Chester, Pa., on a local nomination. According to the compact the man whose candidate should be defeated is to submit to a search of his person for cigars every time the other met him, the agreement to continue during the term of the elected candidate. The Republican now has the privilege of stopping the Democrat on the street whenever he sees him, and unless a cigar is forthcoming can search his pockets. If he meets the loser at a house—in fact, wherever he encounters him—he is invested forthwith with the power of search and entitled to what cigars he finds. As the successful candidate is elected for ten years this bet will not be entirely paid till late in the year 1894." The same paper mentions the following additional wagers: "An ardent young Republican of South Chester swore that if Cleveland was elected he would not taste any intoxicating drinks for four years. If there were more of this kind of enthusiasm election bets would not be proverbial for foolishness. Bad habits might be broken off by this means. In fact, a Justice of the Peace of Cumberland, Md., has cured himself of the habit of smoking in just this manner. He was a good customer of the cigar stores before 1876, but when Tilden was counted out he vowed that he would smoke no more till a Democrat was elected President. He laid by two cigars, which he said he would smoke when the favorable result was announced, and last week he expressed his intention of smoking them during the Democratic jubilee fixed for last evening. He is, however, so well satisfied to be freed from the habit of smoking that he would only take a few puffs for the name of the thing and then suspend again.

"The most melancholy of the incidental results of the campaign is the fate of the Lock Haven young man whose girl promised to marry him if Blaine was elected. She has conceded Cleveland's success and the prospective groom is blue. Ladies have been quite enthusiastic this year. A Democratic lady living about five miles from Milton, being poor, could not put up money against her Republican opponent, who is a man of means. She agreed, however, that if Blaine was elected

she would cut and make one hundred yards of rag carpet free of charge and deliver it at the Republican gentleman's house. If Cleveland was elected she was to receive \$100 from her opponent. Last Tuesday he gallantly paid over the money."

JAPANESE FORTUNE-TELLING.

At the last meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan a paper was read by Mr. O. Korschelt on "The Tenken system of Japanese fortune-telling." The Japanese calendar forms the basis of the system, and by an application of certain rules to the date of a man's birth, his character can be determined. The qualities assigned to each year, month, and day, each of which is represented by one of twelve letters of the syllabary, seem to have some resemblance to the characters of the corresponding calendar animals—tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, etc. From the five syllabary letters corresponding to the year and month of conception, and the year, month, and day of birth, the chief points of a person's character are made out—the most important determining factors being the year of birth and month of conception. Then come to be considered the effect of the stars which are supposed to rule the years, months and days. For each year there are nine stars, which have their special qualities; and each man's life is to be ruled by one of them. From the mutual relation of these stars, the life relations of two given people can be made out. One very important application of the system amongst the Japanese is the comparison of the ruling stars of two who are contemplating marriage. Similarly, as each instant of time is ruled by a star, it can be determined whether a given year, month, or day will be lucky or unlucky to a certain individual. The method of divination thus described was illustrated by examples, the author having worked out the horoscopes of Cromwell, Carlyle, Bismarck, Napoleon, and other historical characters. From the discussion which followed, it appears that this elaborate system can be traced back to the earliest period of recorded time in China. It is the so-called system of philosophy embodied in the "Yiking," the oldest of all Chinese books, and if it should turn out, as is contended by some eminent Chinese scholars, that this work is not Chinese in its origin, but Accadian, then Japanese divination would be a Western product.

SYDNEY SMITH'S WIT.

MR. STUART J. REID, in his new biography of Sydney Smith, tells a few anecdotes which we do not remember to have heard before; among others, the following:

With men like Luttrell, Rogers, Moore and Sharp, Sydney Smith was in his element, and their gay fancy and lively wit called forth some of his most sparkling sallies. One day, the conversation ran on the subject of pluralities in the church, and Luttrell told an anecdote concerning an Irish clergyman who hotly resented the application of the term to himself. He protested against being described as a "pluralist," and added, impetuously, "If you don't take care what you are saying, you will find me a duelist." Sydney immediately caught up the idea, and said: "I suppose there is scarcely a clergyman in Ireland who has not been out. I am told they settle these matters when the afternoon's service is over. I myself have seen a parson's challenge—'Sir, meet me on the first Sunday after Epiphany.'"

On another occasion, he entertained his friends with a laughable account of the difficulties in the way of introducing trial by jury in Australia. The colonists up-country were beset with obstacles of a kind of which we at home did not so much as dream, and he ended up a statement to that effect by putting the following words into the mouth of an embarrassed and reluctant jurymen: "I cannot come and serve upon your jury; the waters are out, and I have two miles to swim. If I leave, the kangaroos will break into my corn. My little boy has been bitten by an ornithorhynchus paradoxus. I have sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches for the assizes, and he has not yet returned."

Sydney Smith's efforts to soothe the ruffled feelings of a friend were not always successful, and were sometimes scarcely of a nature to warrant the hope that they would produce that result. A worthy baronet, who dabbled in politics, came to him one day very much irritated. "What is the matter?" was the immediate question. "Are any of our institutions in danger?" "No, but I have just been with Brougham, whom I sought out for the purpose of making an important communication, but upon my word he treated me as a fool!" "Never mind, my dear fellow," said Sydney, in his most sympathetic tones, "never mind, never mind; he thought you knew it."

SWIMMING THE MISSOURI WITH ONE HAND.

An Indian named Tsi-ung-che-ung, one of the nomads roaming about the City of Bismarck, performed a truly wonderful feat lately in the presence of a few admirers of his tribe who gathered to witness his exhibition of daring and strength. The hero of the tale is a strong, square-built, good-looking Indian, and his feat was to swim the Missouri River with his left hand tied behind him, his reward for this being the hand and heart in marriage of a bewitching daughter of one of his fellow-scalpers.

The wonder of the feat was not only in swimming the treacherous stream with one arm fastened behind him, but in going in water almost as cold as ice, with his buckskin trousers on to catch the sand and threaten to pull him to the bottom. His admirers, together with the girl of his choice, were on the bank just above the bridge, to see him start. It was a thrilling and pathetic scene. The young gallant gazed up and down the treacherous stream, while the girl ki-yied and sang in a weird, mournful manner a seemingly plaintive love chant. It was a novel and certainly interesting scene. Everything was in readiness.

The young Indian, with a graceful wave of the right hand, and amid the encouraging shouts of the other reds, shook the hand of the fair prize for which he was risking his life, chopped off a little aboriginal music, in a sort of a good-by hello—I don't see you again air and plunged into the river. A yell then went up from the crowd of spectators which caused the capillary integument of the reportorial cranium to start zenithward at the rate of a mile a minute. The swimmer bold dove from the bank and was lost to view for a number of seconds, when he came to the surface several yards above the point from which he

started, having made a long diagonal dive up and across the stream.

He struck out boldly, paddling himself with one hand. When he reached the middle of the stream he raised his arm and went straight down, disappearing beneath the muddy surface. As the water closed over him the maiden, who had been watching every movement with interest, manifested great nervous excitement, and just as she was about to jump into the trail canoe, which was half-launched, her lover appeared with a careless toss of the head, and his raven locks floated upon the surging waters.

As he neared the opposite shore the admiring braves, led by the girl, began waving their hands and singing a song of joy, and when he reached the bank and stood facing his admirers, loud were the exclamations of gladness sent up from the point where he started. It was indeed a wonderful feat—swimming that stream with one arm completely disabled and wearing heavy buckskin pantaloons and shirt, with no boat or bodyguard to accompany him. But he accomplished it with apparent ease, and for his reward received what to him was worth more than all else combined.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE are 2,000 clergymen in London. There are 8,700 public-houses and wine-cellars.

ALL the towns and cities of the State of Massachusetts are obliged to give school-books and all other school-supplies to the pupils free.

THE paper shirt is now the new thing, and it is said to be superior to the article made from woven fabrics. But the cotton and linen are still good enough for common folk.

THE chinapin nut, which has hitherto been supposed to be found in the Southern States only, has been discovered growing profusely upon the St. Helena Mountains, California.

THE value of taxable property in Tennessee is now \$226,844,184, an increase of \$4,206,311 over last year. The rate of taxation for State purposes is thirty cents on the hundred dollars.

CARRYING building material around the globe is uncommon, but that is what is being done with the stone for the Flood mansion in San Francisco. One of the papers there recently noticed the arrival of "the ship *St. Paul*, 150 days from New York, with 351 packages of cut brown-stone for the Flood mansion." These stones are cut, dressed, and marked in the quarry in Connecticut, and when landed are placed directly in the structure as marked by the architect.

For two centuries the entire industry of Mittenwald, a town of Bavaria, shut in by snow-clad mountains and dense forests, has been violin-making, for which the surrounding forests furnish the best of material. Every yard is crossed by a labyrinth of ropes and poles, on which hundreds of violins are hung to dry. Every kind of stringed instrument, from the finest violin to the cheapest banjo, is manufactured and shipped in large quantities to all parts of the civilized world.

A MEDAL has been struck in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Methodism in this country, and is sold in duplicate by authority of the bishops. The case opens like a book, and in the central portion, surrounded by velvet, the medal is so fixed that both its sides are exposed when the cover is opened. A pastor regrets that he lately found a convert kneeling before it in adoration, using it for an idol. He has heard that such a perversion of the object is common among the negroes of the South, where the medals are held in awe as possessing supernatural qualities.

THE island of Java is rapidly recovering from the effect of the dreadful volcanic eruption of last year. Commerce has been restored, and the products have been unusually large this season. The exportations of ivory, nutmeg, cinnamon and other spices will exceed in bulk those of former years. None of the coffee plantations have resumed, however, there being a supply of coffee on hand sufficient to meet the wants of commerce for three years. Since the volcanic eruption the waters of the sea have receded gradually, and the shape of the island is now very nearly what it formerly was. Monuments will be erected to mark the sites of the destroyed cities and villages.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 21st.—In Chatham, N. Y., Frederick B. Noyes, an old member of the New York Stock Exchange, aged 40 years. November 22d.—In New York, Dr. Austin Sherman, a well-known physician; in Foo-Chow, China, Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 60 years. November 23d.—In New Haven, Conn., Professor Alexander C. Twining, aged 83 years; in Lyme, Conn., United States District-attorney Daniel M. Chadwick, aged 60 years. November 24th.—In Paris, France, Admiral Fourichon, aged 75 years; in Camden, N. J., Colonel Isaac S. Buckalew, Superintendent of the Camden and Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, aged 55 years; in Dublin, Ireland, the Right Hon. Mountfort Longfield, LL.D., P. C., aged 82 years; in New York, Henry de Beauvois Routh, of the firm of H. L. Routh & Sons, aged 69 years. November 25th.—In New York, Alexander Proudfoot Irving, a prominent business man, aged 47 years. November 26th.—In New York, Jacob Smith, contractor, aged 80 years; in New York, Henry Iverson, the well-known publisher, aged 76 years; in London, England, James Buchanan, F. L. S., F. G. S., F. S. A., the well-known antiquarian and scientist, aged 68 years; in Hutchinson, Minn., Asa B. Hutchinson, leader of the well-known Hutchinson family of musicians, aged 77 years. November 27th.—In Milwaukee, Wis., Mathilde Franziska Anneke, the Prussian revolutionist, poetess, dramatist and lecturer, aged 67 years; in Abundale, Mass., the Rev. James Elijah Latimer, Dean of the School of Theology, Boston University, aged 58 years; in New Orleans, La., General Miguel Guadalupe, Commissioner for the World's Exposition for the Republic of Costa Rica; in London, England, Thomas Collins, member of the House of Commons for Knaresborough; in New York, Edward H. Ludlow, President of the Real Estate Exchange, aged 75 years; in New York, Samuel Henry Shreve, chief engineer of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, aged 55 years; in Boston, Mass., Franklin L. Tilton, a well-known paper manufacturer. November 28th.—In Lancaster, Pa., the Hon. Thomas E. Franklin, Attorney-general of Pennsylvania under Governors Johnston and Pollock, aged 74 years; in Wellington, Kan., Captain David L. ("Okla-homa") Payne, the famous leader of the Oklahomas "Boomers."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JAMES L. PUGH has been re-elected as United States Senator from Alabama for six years.

THE University of Halle has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy upon Henry M. Stanley, the African traveler.

JOHN GUY VASSAR, son of the founder of Vassar College, is building a hospital on one of the most beautiful sites on our glorious Hudson, near Poughkeepsie.

GENERAL GRANT, in writing his autobiography, says that the things he remembers most vividly, are those of his early life, and that the Mexican War seems more distinct to him than the Rebellion.

MINISTER LOWELL has written to his Boston friends that early in December he will pack up and come home with Mrs. Lowell, leaving the London legation in charge of Secretary Hopkin.

SINCE last September Emperor William has had five severe fainting fits, his vitality falling very low after each attack, and it is feared at the Berlin court that he will die suddenly before the year is ended.

MR. WHITELAW REID has written a letter positively declining to be a candidate for United States Senator from New York. He prefers his present honorable and influential position as editor of the *Tribune*.

MR. ST. JOHN was in the minority at the meeting of the Kansas State Temperance Union in Topeka, a few days ago. Some resolutions indorsing the Republican party, though bitterly opposed by the defeated candidate, were passed over his head.

COLONEL EDWARD RICHARDSON, the President of the New Orleans Exhibition, has twenty-three cotton plantations under successful operation in Washington and Issaquena Counties. Each place has from 1,000 to 2,000 acres, and there is a laborer to every ten acres.

MR. EMERSON'S son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, who has charge of his father's literary and other effects, is seeking to obtain, as a fitting monument to be placed over the philosopher's grave, a mass of hard white quartz with large sea-green beryls imbedded in it.

If a proper allowance is made him by the House of Commons, Prince Albert Victor, the elder son of the Prince of Wales and the future King of England, will make a tour of the United States and Canada next year. He will be twenty-one years of age on January 8th next.

MISS IRVING, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the Class of '85, for the Princeton College Class ivy, at the coming Commencement, a ship from an ivy which was planted by that famous author's own hand. The original plant came from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, following the example of Dr. Holmes, has given a shovel to the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Mr. Lowell confessed that he would rather contribute towards the burying of some of the monuments now above ground, than assist in the exhumation of those enjoying the repose of centuries.

THE late Senator Anthony's wine cellar in Providence was found to contain more than 6,000 bottles of wine. Mr. Anthony was supposed to be a book or two hundred thousand dollars, but his fortune turned out to be over \$600,000. He had great quantities of wine given to him and he seems to have saved it all.

ARCHER, the famous English jockey, recently arrived in this country, earned \$50,000 last season for riding 210 winning horses. The services of a man, like a piece of merchandise, are worth what they will bring, but, as the Boston *Transcript* remarks, "It is a humiliating reflection that a jockey can boast a higher value for his skill than can many an artist of genius."

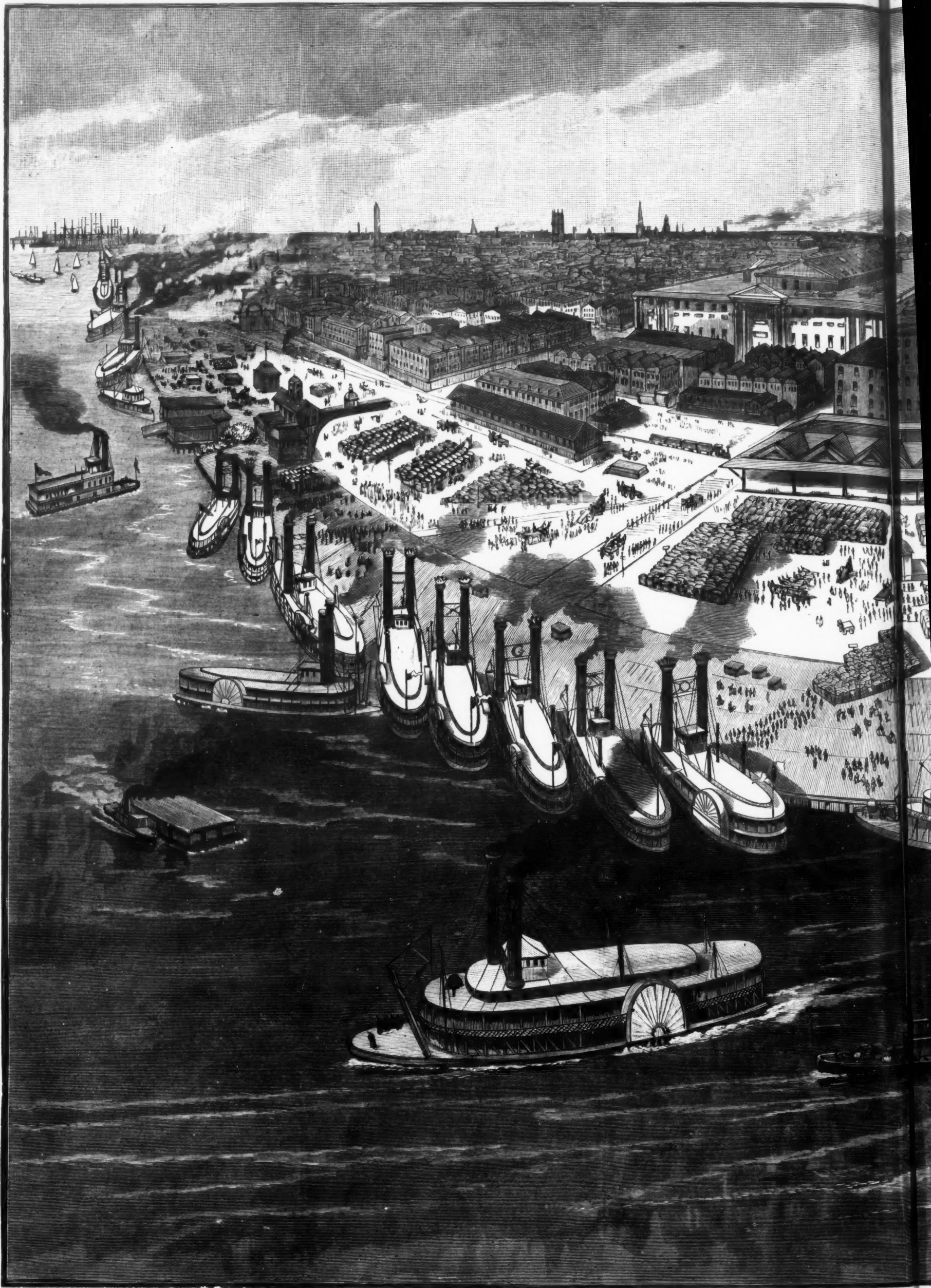
LORD RANDOLPH HENRY CHURCHILL, the dashing young Tory leader in the House of Commons, who is well remembered in New York society circles by his marriage to the daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, is about to visit America. He expresses himself as tired of English politics, and it is said that he proposes to leave England some time in December for a tour around the world, visiting America, Australia, Egypt and India on his way.

MRS. LANGTRY the other day at Liverpool took it into her pretty head that she wished her hair dressed in a certain fashion. The local coiffeurs were consulted, but could not satisfy the imperious beauty. Result: she telegraphed to London for Mr. Clarkson, the famous wig-maker and coiffeur, of Bow Street, to come down by express. Mr. Clarkson obeyed the summons, and was in time to dress her hair and be back in town the same night. Bill: £5 5s.

In a recently published letter, Jefferson Davis replies to the statements regarding him made by General Sherman in his address to a Grand Army Post a few days before the election. He denounces the allegation that he ever was a conspirator, and denies that he ever wrote a letter which showed that he was scheming for the dictatorship of the country. General Sherman says he can prove to the contrary.

As intimate friend of General John A. Logan is quoted as saying: "Some people seem to imagine that General Logan is a rich man. On the contrary, he is very poor. About ten years ago he owned property and business investments in and around Chicago that were worth about \$150,000; since then he has practically lost everything. His investments were lost in the panic of 1873, and he has now nothing to depend upon outside his salary of \$5,000 per year as Senator, which will soon cease. Logan is a lawyer by profession, but he has not practiced at the Bar for many years, and he has no reputation in the legal line."

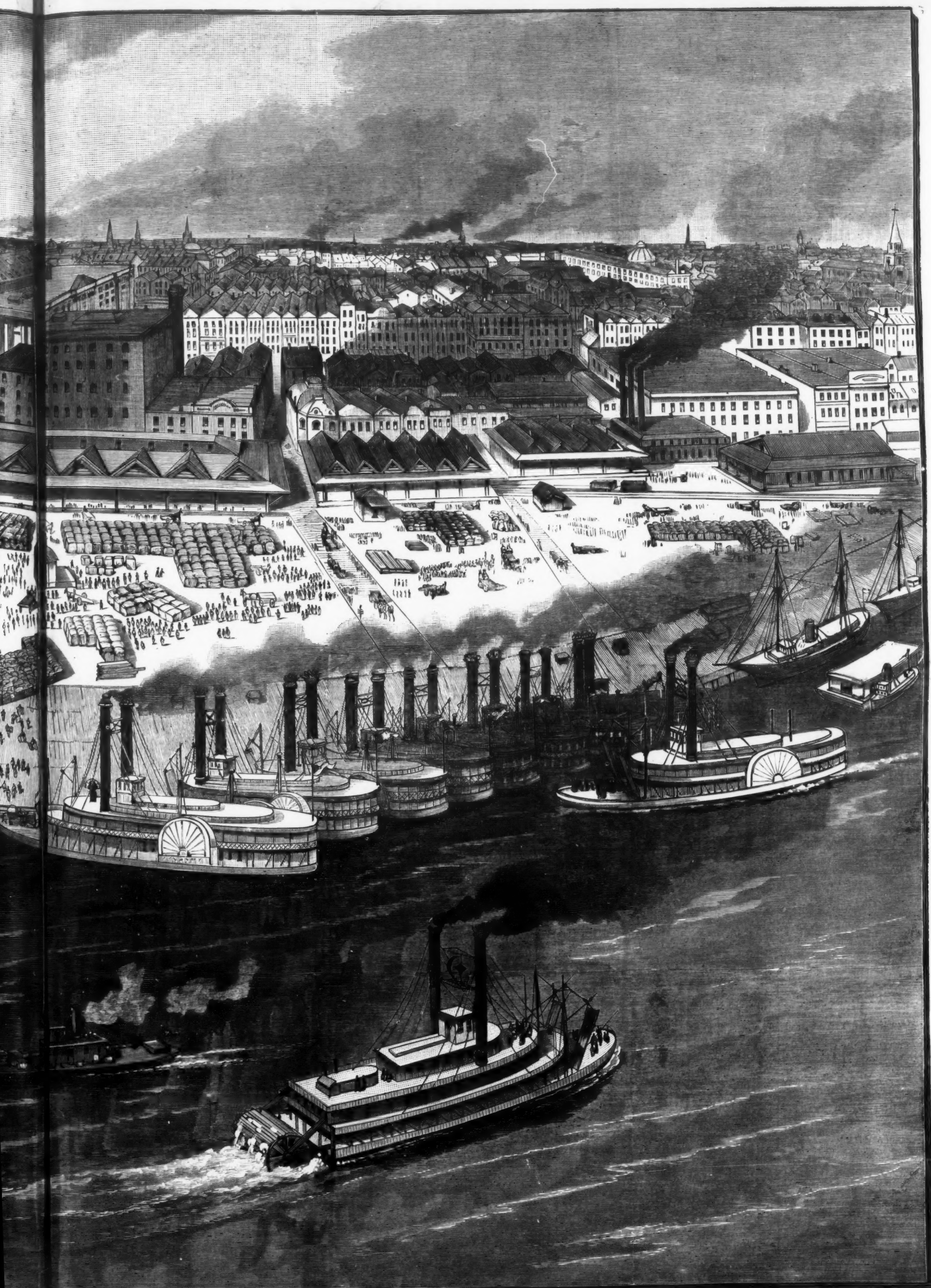
Mlle. DORSE, the sister-in-law of the late M. Thiers, that "little great man" who loved his country so well and served her so faithfully, is building a magnificent tomb for his remains in Père Lachaise, which will cost an enormous sum of money. She is immensely rich, and has a large quantity of land at Auteuil which a more avaricious woman, or one who had given hostages to fortune, would naturally have let out on building leases. She, however, has inclosed her large domain with high walls, and in the vast park and pleasure thus formed has built an immense and splendid residence which is intended as a retreat for artists, savans, and men of letters generally. It is, nevertheless, not an asylum for their old age, but is for fifty young men, laureates of the Institute and of other great schools, who may there pursue their studies and work out their ideas without being hampered by the carking cares of poverty, or embittered in the struggle for daily bread.



Shot Tower.

U.S. Custom House
and Post Office.St. Charles
Hotel.

THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE



New Orleans
Sugar Refinery.

French
Opera House.

Old State House, now
Hotel Royal.

Old St. Louis Cathedral.

GOOD-BY.

THE sweet old Saxon word as valediction
Comes to my lips when other words come not,
I utter it and know its benediction.
Will touch your heart when all else is forgot—
May God be with you!

May God be with you when the skies are clearest,
May He be with you when the night is dim;
In loss, in sorrow, may you feel Him nearest,
When friend forsaken find a friend in Him—
May God be with you!

I say the word the while the tears are starting,
Tears by no power of mine to be repressed;
God guard and keep you—Life is one long parting,
But sweet reunion comes and Heaven and rest—
May God be with you!

THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD.

BY PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

THE driver got down and opened the door. He was masked, just as the man inside had been. The two lifted Jack out.

It was a lonely glen where they had stopped. All around were evergreens, dripping mournfully from last night's rain. On one side there was a swell of ground; on the other, an abrupt and rocky bank. Underneath this bank, close up to its very foot, there was a shallow grave. Just above there was an immense boulder, supported by a couple of stout props now, which could be let down directly over this excavation by simply knocking the props away—an immense rock, weighing twenty tons, perhaps. The rain had washed smaller masses down from the bank; a load of gravel, here and there, had crumbled away under the power of the storm, and stained the pure green grass with its impurity. Around the monster rock there were little channels which the rain had worn. The most devilish ingenuity could not have chosen a fitter place for a fiendish deed; the luckiest villain could not have wished a better night for his purpose than the past one had been. Bury a man there, knock away the props, and throw them into the grove just at hand; and murder might bid baffled justice do its worst. The earth would keep his secret, nature would not betray him. He would have his own wicked way, without doubt or fear, with nothing to answer for until the Resurrection and the Judgment.

The coffin was brought and placed beside the open grave.

"We keep nothing that could be identified," said one, "for our own sake as well as for that of our employer. But I suppose we might keep any money we happened to find about him?"

"I suppose so. Let's take what he's got and look it over. We can pitch what we don't dare keep into the hole."

"All right. By-the-way, I can't do what he told us to. I can't bury that fellow alive. I'm bad enough, Heaven knows, but I can't do that."

"You're right there. No more could I. I should never think of this horrible place, even years from now, without wondering whether he was alive yet, and praying for tardy death to come."

"We'll have to kill him—one of us, and we've never done anything worse than break safes before. I tell you I wish we were well out of it."

"Well, let's search him quick, and draw lots for killing him, and have the whole wretched business over with."

They took his purse and his watch and his locket, and stepped a little to one side.

A robin settled on the edge of the great stone and sang his wonderful morning song.

There was a sudden cry from one of the men; then a whispered conversation.

Then they came toward him.

One held out the locket which Mark had given him.

"Do you know that woman?" he asked, in a strange, hushed voice. He removed the gag.

"Yes," said Jack, breaking down for the first time, sobbing like a child, while the tears rained down his cheek.

The man came a step nearer.

"Is—is she anything to you?"

The robin broke in with his sweet, wild song again.

"My promised wife," he said, brokenly, and reverently.

The rough hand of the masked man was placed lightly upon Jack's shoulder.

"Your promised wife?"

"Yes, and to-day is my wedding-day."

"My God!" cried the questioner, turning to his companion, with something very like a sob in his own voice. "I can't do it! I positively can't think of blighting the whole life of this angel of mercy!"

"Think of it!" cried the other. "On my wicked soul, I can't bear to think of it!"

"D'ye mind the time the wife was sick? Who was it paid the doctor, and made the broth, and sent us coal? Who but Stella Burlan's blessed self?"

"And when Tim died—poor little Tim! You must surely remember that. It was many and many a kind thing she'd done already; but nothing ever touched me quite so close my heart as the white flowers she sent to put in his little hand when he was dead."

The robin ceased his song, and turned his head from side to side. I think a reader of bird character would have read astonishment in his eyes.

Never, probably, since his remote ancestry laid the leaves over the Babes in the Wood, had any of the robins seen a stranger sight than this—a man whose grave was waiting, and the men who had come to kill him, all standing in a disconsolate

and mournful group, and crying desperately together.

"Dead men tell no tales," began one, dubiously.

"Never mind the tales."

"So say I. Stella Burlan's lover shall go free if I have to hang for this!"

"Count me in. And if I do get off free for this night's work, I'll never set my face and hand against the law again in all my life."

"Nor I."

And the two tender-hearted murderers shook hands heartily.

"See here," said Jack, the thought beginning to grow into certainty in his mind that Fate's tide had taken a turn in his favor, "I'll swear to you two never to tell a living person, not even my wife that is to be, how I spent last night, if you'll let me free, and—"

"Yes," cried both the others, in a breath; "and what?"

"And swear to me, in your turn, that this shall be your last crime."

"Agreed," said both.

So it happened that the coffin under the big rock had only a couple of very ugly masks in it when it was buried; and Jack knocked one of the props out himself, which was a great change from the original programme.

And Jack rode back to the city with a man who wore no mask, and found him a very intelligent fellow, too. And if there was a constraint upon them both, it was only natural. A man doesn't often ride back from his own funeral, talking cheerfully with one of his murderers, while he urges the other to drive faster, lest he be too late for his wedding!

Bread upon the waters! Oh, Stella!—Stella! "And the greatest of all is Charity." Oh, Stella!—Stella!

Not much in money, not much in time. You gave kind words, and sweet wishes, and love and flowers! You never guessed, Stella Burlan, what you gave! You will never know, for Jack's oath will bind him!

But your charity has saved two men from being murderers—has saved their immortal souls! It has given you a long life-time of happiness! It has given the man you love and the man who loves you—his life!

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

ST. AUBURN recovered his composure, his outward composure at least, almost immediately. Desperation may give calm, sometimes; you know St. Auburn was very calm last night.

Jack passed St. Auburn. He kissed Stella, and with a fervor which his kisses had never had in them before; a fervor that was more than the passion of a man's wedding morning; more than the unspoken excuse for delay.

He caught Paul by the hand. His grasp was closer and warmer than it had ever been before.

St. Auburn lingered on the stairs. He felt that he must know the worst.

"You're late, Mr. Truman," he said.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"What detained you?"

"Business," lied Jack.

"Business?" echoed St. Auburn, his real astonishment overcoming his prudence.

"Yes, business, grave business," said Jack, with emphasis and significance, just before he turned away to give Stella his undivided attention.

Remembering that Jack's lie was his first, and his pun his only one; remembering that he could never take back the one nor explain the other; remembering the frailties of even the best of us, let us forgive him for both.

St. Auburn went down the stairs without another word or look. His mind was busy with the events of the morning; busy with the omen he had dared demand; busy with a vague wonder as to how the day would end for him.

The wedding guest who looked unlike a wedding guest, met him at the foot of the stairs. He looked shrewdly at St. Auburn.

"You look as though you'd been," he said.

"I don't understand you," said St. Auburn;

"been? Been where?"

"To Hades, sir," said the other, in the most cheerful manner imaginable.

St. Auburn made no answer. He did not even look at the man. He quickened his step, and walked on alone, leaving the other to follow.

A few minutes later the dejected and disappointed man walked slowly up the aisle, and took his seat again.

The gossips leaned to the right and left again, and had their simple say. "Jack is dead," was the substance of what half said, "and all is over with poor Stella's marriage. How sorry St. Auburn looks. How magnanimous he is." The other half inclined to the belief that "St. Auburn has asked her again, and has been refused. What a great pity. St. Auburn is a fine man—a very fine man."

The clocks struck twelve. The robin's song drifted in at the open window. The scent of the peach-blossoms came in upon the breeze. A sudden hush fell. The organist began to play. The bridal party were coming up the aisle.

How lovely the bride was. How happy Jack looked. How proud Paul seemed to be, albeit a bit anxious.

The ceremony began, and went on for a little.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

There was the usual slight pause. This time the interruption occurred.

St. Auburn rose in his place, white as death, his black eye glittering like a star. He raised his hand and pointed with a trembling finger at Stella and Jack.

"I've known the Burlans for years," he cried,

in a voice hoarse with passion, "and they have known me. This nameless adventurer was unknown to us all, a short half year ago. I have offered my love to yonder woman, and she has spurned it; but never mind that. I am only determined that she shall not throw herself and her life and her love away upon an unworthy man. Let him tell why he hid himself for some years in the solitude of a mountain mining camp, a man without a past or a name, so far as any one could know, before he presumes to wed an honest woman."

"He ran away from what he thought was injustice and cruelty at home," said Paul, addressing the minister, and giving little attention to St. Auburn. "I believe he was mistaken in some respects. He thinks so too. He intends visiting his old home during his wedding-tour. He had no other reason for dropping his last name and being known as 'Jack' than by a boyish desire to do as others did. He was very bitter regarding his treatment at home; for a time he never intended to return East. All that is past. Stella has known all this for a long time. Am I not correct?" turning at the last to Jack and Stella.

Both bowed.

"Proceed with the ceremony," said Paul, in a low, firm voice.

"I am not done yet," said St. Auburn, his face like ashes. "And I shall not be done until that villain goes out of the doors of this sacred house, and goes alone! I charge him with fleeing from the mining-camp he had polluted with his presence, leaving the dead body of the man he had professed the deepest friendship for to the care of those who were good and true. What has this man—this man with murder's stain upon his hands—to say to such a charge as that?"

Stella turned a frightened face toward Jack. It was evident to all that this was news to her. But the love and trust never faltered. She was tender and true.

Paul was the one to speak again.

"Jack told me all this long ago," he said. "He was not the murderer. He fled from the reckless and thoughtless vengeance of wild and unreasoning lynchmen. One may surely save his innocent life without blame."

"There was the dead man left behind," sneered St. Auburn, "and some one killed him! You talk of lynchmen. There was a warrant out for his arrest later, and he fled from the justice of the courts as he had fled from the justice of the camp!"

"We admit something of truth in that," said Paul, gravely; "but more is false. Jack was not the murderer. I am ready to take my oath to that. There was a warrant out for his arrest. A deputy-sheriff, reckless of the result, came to the hotel where Jack was to serve the papers. One or more of the leaders of the lynchmen accompanied him. To have surrendered himself would have simply been to have gone straight to his death. The lynchmen would have demanded him. The deputy-sheriff would have given him up without an attempt at defense. In an hour he would have been the victim of the vengeance of the border, and beyond the reach of justice. Go on with the ceremony."

"Hold!" cried St. Auburn, as the minister seemed about to comply with Paul's request, "hold! The hot passion of which Paul complains died out long ago. Why did not this young man seek the justice of an acquittal long ago?"

"No matter why," answered Paul. "There are times when guilt seems like innocence, and innocence like guilt; there are times when it is wise for innocence to keep out of the reach of the power of law, since circumstances may make justice impossible. That was so in this case for a long time. It is not so now. I know all there is to be known about this matter, and I pledge my word of honor to all present to do this, on these conditions: Let the marriage take place, I will notify the authorities in Nevada, this very afternoon, where Jack can be found. If they desire his presence there I pledge you that he shall go, and go promptly. And I will go with him and defend him—yes, and clear him, too."

"That sounds very fine," said St. Auburn, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders—"very fine, indeed. But it will not do for me. I care very little whether Jack Truman goes to Nevada or not, and nothing at all about his conviction or acquittal; let him drown or hang as fate may send, it is all one to me. What I want is to save Stella Burlan. What I mean is that this iniquitous marriage shall never take place. Listen one moment more. The man that Jack killed was Stella Burlan's father!"

There was a stifled cry of horror from all over the church. Stella joined in it. But it was Jack's shoulder that she laid her head upon; it was Jack's arm which supported her. She was proving herself as true as gold in the "dramatic effect" that got beyond Paul's plans long ago, and that is likely to go further.

"Stella Burlan's father did not die," shouted Paul; "he rallied slowly; he lay for weeks at death's door; an iron constitution which had brought him up from the dark valley twice before, saved him again. The bullet of the assassin went an inch too low for his success. My father lives! Come!"

The earliest guest came forth. The man who had led Jack to Stella's house; the ghost with the tin box.

St. Auburn shrank back into the corner of the pew.

"Father!" cried Stella, tottering into his arms.

"Mark! Dear, dear old Mark!" sobbed Jack.

"Go on with the ceremony," said Paul, firmly, and this time it went through to the very end, although it was a strange scene, a curious carnival of smiles and tears.

"Now, Rupert St. Auburn," said Paul, "since you've said your say, I will say mine. In the presence of all these witnesses I arraign you for the

most hideous of crimes. You fired the bullet at my father—you, sir! You went to Nevada to tell him that you, you cowardly criminal, would arrange to permit him to come home again, if he would promise you his daughter's hand. Your mission failed. You attempted to kill him, you bound!"

"You lie, Paul Burlan, and your father lies. Whose reputation is the better, his or mine? Where are his witnesses? I swear he lies."

"There was one witness. Mr. James Bunker saw the shot fired."

"Who says so?"

"I do," said Mark Burlan, "at the moment that I saw you fire, I saw him spring towards you."

"Very beautiful—very beautiful, indeed," commented St. Auburn. "Are you prepared to produce Mr. James Bunker?"

Paul answered:

"James Bunker's body was found, two or three days ago, washed up on the beach; he had been dead a long time."

"Ex-act-ly! How extremely fortunate. A perjurer's witnesses are usually dead!"

"He had an unpaid check, signed with your name, upon his person."

"Pre-cise-ly! Very good—very good, indeed. Forgery, perhaps. By-the-way, has it occurred to your very excellent father that it is a somewhat reckless thing to make his presence here public? He is under indictment for forgery—under several indictments, in fact, I believe."

"He is. But the cases can be very easily disposed of now, since I can prove that he is innocent, and that you were the guilty one!"

"I'd be pleased to know how."

"By the use of the contents of a certain tin box which my father rescued from your burning office."

"Ah, indeed," said St. Auburn, evidently shocked, but still indisposed to give in to the terrible odds against him. "Will you inform us, on the authority of a legal gentleman, how much your distinguished parent will gain by getting clear from the charge of forgery, and having a charge of burglary against him, with arson very likely added?"

"Never mind that until later," said Paul. "Let me change the subject. You had a wife. You deserted her. She lived nearly all her life in Texas."

"That's why he didn't want to go," interrupted the man sitting next to St. Auburn.

St. Auburn smiled at the remark. He made no answer to Paul.

"Her son James was your son, too, though you never owned him. He was good to his mother. She loved him."

"Well?"

"Did it ever occur to you to find out what your wife called herself while she lived in Texas? Did you ever know what your son was called?"

"No."

"She was known as Mrs.—Bunker!"

"Oh, my God!" cried St. Auburn. "Not that!—not that! Say that you've lied in that, and I'll bless you! Oh, God! not that!"

"Rupert St. Auburn, James Bunker was your son!"

St. Auburn's hand touched his lips. There was no increase in the breeze; the bird-song seemed faint and distant; but the air was suddenly rich and heavy with an odor like peach-blossoms.

The man in ill-fitting black sprang forward as St. Auburn fell, too late after all. Something had happened!

"He's gone—really gone!" said the man.

"Tastes differ! I should prefer Texas."

"Apoplexy," said his friends.

"Apoplexy," said the papers.

There was no inquest. But the doctors shook their heads.

And the sexton's son, when he swept out the room, found a tiny vial, shut in a dainty leather case. The stopper was gone. The vial was empty. The label told nothing to the boy. It was a long and barbarous-looking title:

"CYANHYDRIC ACID. C. P."

CHAPTER XIX.—HAIL AND FAREWELL.

ALL this was almost ten years ago. There is no happier home in all the world than that of Jack and those he loves.

The circle has widened in ten years—there is a Mark of eight and a little Stella of three years now. Death has not invaded the group of dear ones. But there is every prospect that matrimony will do so very soon.

Paul is about to marry the only lady he ever thought Stella's superior; but she confesses with a quaint little sigh, that so far from being a woman for whom a man would give everything, even to his goodness and his life, she believes Paul is the only man who ever gave her a second look or a second thought. Paul's course of true love has been as smooth as—as the icing on the wonderful wedding-cake his betrothed has just prepared.

Jack and Stella helped, a few days ago, with the list of Paul's friends. The wedding will be large and grand this time, but there isn't the slightest chance for a "dramatic effect," unless the bridegroom should forget the ring!

Let us leave our friends now before Paul's wife comes home. It is late for us to think of meeting strangers; even the childish eyes at Jack's fire-side make me feel shy.

The currents of all these happy lives have mingled fully—from Nevada's mountains, and from the great city down by Atlantic shores, by sad ways and by devious ones, in sorrow and doubt and anxiety, they have come together.

The current broadens and deepens. Looking out to the farthest horizon, there is neither rock nor rapid.

We say farewell!
May change rest lightly on them all. May time

and death for long years pass them by. May it be long—very long—ere there falls across their hearts and there lives the sad proof of the falsity of the old fairy-tale guarantee of endless life and love: "And they lived happy ever after."

THE END.

GOOSE-FARMING.

PASSENGERS on the Long Island Railroad, for fifteen or twenty miles out of Brooklyn, have no doubt observed the immense flocks of domestic geese which are conspicuous objects in the landscape along that line. Sometimes the birds are turned out to pasture, but usually in Autumn they are corralled within an extensive picket enclosure furnished with a series of wooden troughs and a shed affording protection from the storms. The bucolic Dutchman or his wife, who usually has charge of this species of live stock, comes at morning and at night with buckets of feed, and fills the troughs. The geese march forward in dignified squads, range themselves in rows like aldermen at a banquet, and shovel up the meal with their long bills, heedless of the fact that their fattening fixes their doom.

These fowls are not all natives of Long Island. They are shipped from the West by thousands, in cruelly straitened coops, and arrive in New York in a very debilitated condition. Then they are let out to the Long Island farmers, who contract to fatten them on corn and meal at a fixed rate per hundred. The next stage of their progress to the dinner-pot is the Bayard Street market, in New York. They are held in high esteem by the Israelitish population of that district, who buy them alive, and sacrifice them by a jerk of the neck, spilling no blood in the process.

The goose-farm is illustrated in one of our engravings. It is a place where Thanksgiving Day finds no gratitude, and where the Christmas holidays are not merry.

READING BACKWARDS.

An interesting little volume entitled, "Shall we Read Backwards?" has recently been published in London. The introduction by Mr. R. B. Carter gives much useful information on the subject of training the eyes from infancy in order to obtain the full benefit of perfectly-developed sight. This is only possible by a judicious use of the eyes, which, however, does not consist in abstaining from work in which the eyes are used, "idleness of the eyes," according to one of Mr. Carter's former works, being "in every way hurtful to them." It is, therefore, necessary to develop the vision by that "proper and varied employment which is eminently conducive to their preservation in beauty and efficiency." How, then, can we arrive at the highest possible stage of development without injuring the eyes? Reading is undoubtedly one of the commonest means, and "the most 'readable' print is that by which we may obtain the maximum of reading with the minimum of injury to the sight." The experiments which have been tried by many eminent authorities to settle the question are very various. Light and color are, of course, two chief considerations, to which a good deal of attention is paid in the little book; another is the way in which the type is set. European nations print, as a rule, from left to right, but whether this is the most readable style is by no means certain. In ancient writings there is much variety in the way of writing. Among these, the Mongolian columnar style is not suitable for European languages, because of the varying length of words, as may be seen in the annexed illustration:

Commence here and read backwards.

in perpendicular lines.	and Mongols write	The Chinese, Japanese,
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It would, however, be less difficult to accustom the eyes to this system than to that of the ancient Europeans and Semites:

thgir morf nur sdrow eht rennam heihw nI
ni dedeeccus noos saw heihw redro na ,tfel ot
rehtona yb eporuE

This was the double mode called boustrophedon ("as the ox plows"), which has the benefit of equalizing the muscular action of the eyes:

"In the alternate line follows an opposite derru eroferet evah emos dna ,noiterid a sturn to this early Greek manner, eht yb dedeeccus yllanti saw heihw present system of writing from the left .,thgir eht ot edis

AN ODOROUS WAR WEAPON.

PROFESSOR E. F. RITCHEL, of Bridgeport, Conn., has invented a poisonous air bomb which he claims will revolutionize all modern warfare. The gases before being introduced into the bomb are several times compressed and impregnated with poisons which make them quickly fatal to any living creature breathing them. When exploded the gas lies close to the ground. In battle the bombs will be hurled from a mortar. Thrown into an army, the inventor thus describes the effects of what he calls his humane system of warfare: "The bomb explodes and the air within a radius of 100 feet becomes charged with silent death. You cannot fight it, you cannot destroy this silent life-destroying enemy. What is the result? Why, the men can stay and asphyxiate, but you will find that they won't. They will run away in a beaten and demoralized condition, and this is one of the best points about the device." He is in correspondence with Admiral Jones, of the British Navy, with reference to the introduction of his invention there.

THE RUINS OF YUCATAN.

THE St. Louis Republican says: "One of the most interesting novelties at the New Orleans Exposition will be a collection of curiosities brought from the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque, in Yucatan. That peninsula and the neighboring parts of Guatemala and Honduras abound in ruined walls, temples and images of once large and stately cities of whose inhabitants we know next to nothing. Where they came from, what race they belonged to, and how they perished, are questions which have long baffled the minds of students and explorers. Whether they sprang from the tropical soil on which they reared their still existing monuments, or came from Europe over the intercontinental highway which, it is conjectured, once stretched from the coast of Africa to Central America, and of which the

Azores and the singularly grouped West Indies are the unsubmerged mementoes, is a problem which we have not yet succeeded in solving. The subject is one of growing interest, and it will be brought before us vividly in the Yucatan feature in the New Orleans Exposition, under the management of Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon and his wife, who have spent many years in exploring the Maya ruins of Central America. They are preparing to erect on the grounds "a correct reproduction of an ancient building of Maya architecture, to be fully enriched on the exterior walls with copies of bas-relief sculpture, and with the mural adornments of the interior to be faithful representations of the wonderful discoveries made by scientists in the forests of Yucatan." This strange people did not disappear without leaving a record behind them. The walls of their ruined buildings are covered with writings which have not yet been translated, but which Dr. Plongeon is endeavoring, not without some hope of success, to discover the key to. He claims already to have deciphered some of the inscriptions, and it is hoped that he may yet learn to read the whole story hidden in these curious stone writings.

COMING EAST FOR WIVES.

YOUNG women are sorely wanted out in Arizona. An agent just sent East by a lot of bachelors tells this story: "There is a scarcity of young women in Trenton County, and a lot of respectable young men called a meeting at St. John on October 15th, and deputies were selected to come East to secure wives for the subscribers to the association. I have the photographs of the members, thirty-one in all, and I also have letters of recommendation from the township officers. All I want now is to secure the young ladies. Their expenses to Arizona will be paid by the association immediately, or, if they prefer, they will be given the addresses of the members whom they prefer, and a correspondence can be opened. How to begin this undertaking is puzzling. I am afraid to advertise for fear I will not receive replies from the kind of young women that would suit. I have letters to people in Boston and New Haven, where we hope to find young women willing to go West and marry. The society is composed of ranchmen, farmers, miners, civil and mining engineers, a hotel clerk, a druggist, and a lawyer." It is to be hoped that the emissary of the Arizona bachelors will be successful in his quest.

ITALIANS GOING HOME.

ELEVEN hundred Italians sailed from the port of New York on the 22d ultimo, for Italy. They were nearly all laborers, who had been employed in the cheapest kind of work. Most of them looked happy and contented. They had saved a snug sum of money, and were going home, where living is cheaper. An official of the Italian Consulate says that a great many poor Italians go back to Italy every fall. "Some go back to stay, but many who can get no work here in Winter go home until Spring and then return to this country. Their passage costs only about \$28, and as most of them live in southern Italy, where the cost of living is merely nominal, they find it cheaper than to remain here, especially as they do not like cold weather. They are thrifty people, and with \$2,000 they can buy a farm of ten acres and a house in southern Italy, and raise enough to support themselves and families. They can live as well there for 25 cents a day as they can here for \$2. If a man does not care about farming and wishes to live away from the agricultural districts, he can hire a small place near any of the smaller towns for \$1 a month. It is only the laboring people who care about returning. The clerk, merchant or storekeeper seldom leaves this country."

HOMES OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS.

THERE are few Highland glens that do not contain traces of the banished population. In Lochaber, along the shores of Loch Arkaig, the home of the clan Cameron, the remains of what were once extensive townships may yet be seen. The celebrated Glencoe formerly teemed with a hardy population. Famous Glengarry is a sheepwalk, and the powerful clan Macdonnell are now in Canada. Round Fort Augustus and far into the country of the clan Fraser is naught but desolation. In hundreds of straths in Ross-shire the wild heather has not even yet obliterated the green pastures and the cultivated fields that once belonged to the MacKenzies and Munroes, and from whence the different battalions of the gallant Ross-shire bluffs marched to conquer at Maido, at Seringapatam, at Assaye and Argann. So late as 1849, when the present Prime Minister had already obtained political eminence, Hugh Miller attempted, but fruitlessly, to draw the attention of the British public to the work of destruction that was going on. He eloquently proclaimed that "while the law is banishing its tens for terms of seven and fourteen years, the penalty of deep-dyed crimes, irresponsible and infatuated power is banishing its thousands for life for no crime whatever." A large number of the dispossessed tenantry were sent to America: the remainder settled on the seashore, where they were cramped into small buildings, and have since lived. The tourist, steaming along the wild coast of the western Highlands and islands may see perched on every cliff, in the most exposed situations and subject to the fury of Atlantic gales, the wretched hamlets that now contain the remains of the Highland clans. Probably he will wonder how a population can at all manage to exist under such conditions. But there they are, elbowed to the very verge of their country. For large tracts of that country the proprietors even now can show no scrap of document, their claim to possession resting solely on the fact that it has never been contested. Created and looked upon, like the foxes, as mere vermin that interfere with sport, discouraged and thwarted in every direction, these people, notwithstanding their poverty and the hardships of their lot, have maintained unimpaired the noblest attributes of their race. Crime of any kind is almost unknown among them. Their moral standard is the highest in Britain, contrasting in that respect most remarkably with their lowland neighbors; and not a few of the leading British statesmen, lawyers, divines and soldiers of the past eighty years first saw the light in these crofters' huts. Far behind the strip of inhabited littoral stretch the Blue Mountains, the snug and often fertile glens from whence the clans were banished, now turned into silent wildernesses, inhabited only by sheep and deer and an occasional shepherd or keeper. There are the vast tracts rented by the American, Mr. Winans, as a hunting

ground, to be visited for two or three months, and abandoned to solitude for the remainder of the year, where not even a native of the soil may plant his foot.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DR. OGSTON, of Aberdeen, described, in the *British Medical Journal*, a decided and fatal case of scarlet fever in a canary.

ACCORDING to the municipal engineer of Toulon, butchers and bakers were most liable to cholera, whilst the scavengers entirely escaped.

THERE is no truth in the statement which is being repeated so often that Baron Nordenskjöld intends to lead an expedition into the Antarctic regions.

ACCORDING to French contemporaries the phrenologists, physiognomists and graphiologists are confronted by a new body of rivals, the pilographists, who profess to judge a man's character by his beard.

IT is said that Dr. Klein, who is studying the cholera question at Calcutta, is satisfied that Dr. Koch's bacillus is not the cause of the disease, and has swallowed a number of these microbes without any evil results.

WE read that "electric light is a great boon to fruit growers near the cities in California. At Los Angeles, it is reported, several bushels of moths are killed every night, while at Sacramento it is believed that the black beetle has been nearly exterminated." But what if species useful in the fecundation of plants are killed off also?

PROFESSOR AUSTIN states that many clay and iron sewer-pipes and house-leaders are pervious to sewer gases. In one instance in Jersey City the leader was so porous that the parlor was rendered almost uninhabitable. He recommends that all sewer-pipes be thoroughly varnished with shellac or soluble glass, or else painted with heavy paint.

IT is said that the sand used in the manufacture of mirrors is now used by a Paris company to make white bricks and blocks, said not to be injured by frost, rain, etc., and to be very light, the specific gravity being only 1.50 to 1.85 of clay bricks. The sand is first strongly pressed by hydraulic power, and then baked in ovens at a very high temperature. The bricks are almost pure silica.

THE metal world of New York and the entire country has been greatly excited over the announcement of a process for the production of metallic aluminum which would permit its introduction into general use. The discoverer of the new process is William Frishmuth, a chemist of Philadelphia and a pupil of Wohler, who discovered the metal. He has been working for twenty-eight years to solve the problem of making cheap aluminum in commercial quantities.

M. MIQUEL has examined a number of bacteria, in portions of air of 10 cubic metres each, taken in quick succession. At heights of 2,000 and 4,000 metres in the Alps the number was 0; on Lake Thun (560 metres above sea-level), 8; near the Hotel Bellevue (500 metres), 21; in a room in the Hotel, 600; in the Parc de Montsouris, 7,600; and in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, 55,000. Cold has little effect upon bacteria. Miquel found 750,000 living bacteria in a block of ice which had been preserved for eleven months. Atmospheric microbes resisted thirty-six hours' exposure to a temperature of 100° C., and revived in three days.

A NEW skating surface, called "crystal ice," has been invented by Dr. Calantariotis, of Scarborough, England. Considering that, after all, ice is merely a crystalline substance and that there is no lack of substances that are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantariotis experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid as a floor by his plan, can be skated on with regular ice skates; the resistance of the surface is just equal to that of ice, it looks like ice, and indeed when it has been skated on, and got "cut up" a little, the deception is quite astonishing.

PROFESSOR CHARLES BARNARD, in his second lecture on "Art Industries," given recently at Chickering Hall, New York, before an audience composed largely of ladies, showed specimens of English, French and Spanish tiles, and holding up a tile of French make valued at \$25, he said: "Why can't our own young women do this work? When a man builds a house there is no reason why the daughters should not make the tiles for the fireplaces. A vine sketched from one on grandmother's porch, favorite flowers arranged tastefully, might be a constant pleasure to look at." In conclusion he urged young ladies who are looking for something to do to learn to draw, and then put American ideas into the materials at her hand.

EPIDEMICS of cholera are pronounced by M. Thomasi Crudeli as practically impossible of prevention by cordons of military sentinels, quarantines of the exclusive type, or fumigations of suspected persons or property. He advocates, very forcibly, sanitary reform as the true preventive of death-dealing diseases over wide areas, as it is the best safeguard of health at all times and seasons. As a palliative he proposes that the clothing of the sick should be disinfected by steeping in water containing 0.2 per cent. of mercuric chloride, because this precaution was found satisfactory at Palermo during the epidemic of 1866. But it would be better, and in the long run cheaper, to subject the clothing of patients, and such other matters as are undeniably impregnated with what produces the disease, to cremation, to the action of actual fire, and let the community bear part, if not the whole, of the expense.

THE best coral grounds yielding the most and best red coral are still those on the Algerian coast, fished for that purpose from the middle of the sixteenth century, the others being the coasts of Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Spain, the Balearic Isles, Provence. Over 500 Italian boats, manned by 4,200 men, are employed in the coral fishery, 300 of these boats being from Torre del Greco in the Bay of Naples. The quantity gathered by these 500 boats amounts in all to about 56,000 kilogrammes annually, valued at 4,200,000 lire; that by other boats, Spanish, French, etc., to 22,000 kilogrammes, at 1,500,000 lire—a total for the year, 78,000 kilogrammes at 5,750,000 lire. The gross gain per boat may be set down at 8,000 lire for the season, and the expenses at 6,033 lire, leaving only 1,967 lire net profit. In Italy are sixty coral workshops, of which forty are in Torre del Greco alone, employing about 9,200 hands, mostly women and children.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

UP to this date only \$5,259 has been subscribed toward Peter Cooper's monument.

A PHILADELPHIA clergyman has thrown his house open as a sort of labor exchange for his poorer parishioners.

THE report of the Armament Board says that 1,200 heavy cannon are needed for a proper defense of our harbors.

A "PAST MINE," such as Mr. Howells describes in his new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," has been discovered at Corinth, Mass.

THE Lower House of the Vermont Legislature has rejected the Local Option Liquor License Bill by a vote of 123 nays to 72 yeas.

NOW is the time to buy good Italian titles. A circular just issued states that the title of prince can be bought for \$25,000; that of duke for \$10,000; that of count for \$5,000; that of baron for \$4,000.

AN American, lately returned from a long stay in Europe, declares that thinness is no longer a characteristic of the American girl, the person that pleases by its plumpness being as abundant here as anywhere.

A SOCIETY composed of a number of wealthy ladies and gentlemen has been organized in Philadelphia for the purpose of looking after the education and other wants of the four hundred Chinese who reside in that city.

THE Washington hotel-keepers are basing their preparations on the expectation that 150,000 people will visit that city during inauguration week. The elasticity of the various hostilities will be tested to the utmost.

MME. DORNE, the heiress of M. Thiers, intends to erect a house at Passy for the reception of fifty young students, to be chosen among the most promising of that body, lacking the means to earn their living and at the same pursue their studies.

THE British Admiralty Office has invited designs and tenders for the building of new men-of-war from the shipbuilding firms on the rivers Clyde, Tyne and Mersey, among whom orders will be distributed to remedy the present depression in the shipbuilding trade.

A CURIOUS fact in relation to the Greely Arctic Expedition is not generally known. According to Lieutenant Greely's account, of the nineteen men who perished, all but one were smokers, and the one was the last to die. The seven survivors were non-smoking men.

AT the Thanksgiving Banquet in Berlin, Minister Kasson called for three cheers for Grover Cleveland, the next President of the United States, which were heartily given. A telegram was sent to Governor Cleveland informing him that the Americans in Berlin had drunk his health. Minister Kasson also proposed the health of the beloved Emperor William of Germany, in response to which the German national anthem was played by the band.

PRIVATE advices from Japan furnish the information that the army and navy of that country are being quietly but energetically put upon a war footing. Compulsory military service is now strictly insisted upon, and it is no longer possible to purchase redemption. There is no visible cause for the activity, but it is naturally connected with the Franco-Chinese troubles. The popular bitterness of feeling against the Chinese is said to have moderated considerably in Japan of late years.

WHAT is said to be the largest cattle ranch in the United States under one management, that of Captain Richard King, of Texas, has just been purchased by the United States Land and Investment Company, of New York city, for \$6,500,000. The ranch comprises upwards of 800,000 acres, all under fence, and nearly 200,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. The purchasing company anticipate an annual income of nearly \$1,500,000 from this source, as the increase of cattle is about eighty-five per cent.

SOME few years ago it was popularly believed that inventors who talked of electric railroads must be daft. Now it transpires that the Daft Electric Company have obtained permission from the trustees to experiment on the Brooklyn Bridge with their electric motor, and are now hard at work getting things ready. It is expected that some time within the next two months cars will run on the bridge between 1 and 4 p.m. without steam or cable. The Daft people are the same who ran the little electric railway on one of the Coney Island piers last Summer.

A FEATURE of the observance of Thanksgiving Day in Richmond, Va., was a largely attended Thanksgiving supper given by the Union Democratic Club, at which a mammoth English plum-pudding was served. The pudding weighed 219 pounds—one pound for each Cleveland electoral vote. An enthusiastic citizen paid \$15 for the privilege of cutting the first piece, weighing twelve pounds, representing the electoral vote of Virginia, to be sent to Governor Cleveland. "Mite" boxes were distributed about the table, and a large amount of money was contributed for the poor of the city.

THE receipts of the entire postal service for the fiscal year ended June 30th were \$43,338,127; disbursements, \$46,404,960; making an excess of expenditures of \$3,066,833. Adding outstanding liabilities and \$1,200,179 credited to the Pacific railroad companies, the total cost of the service for the fiscal year amounts to \$48,542,611, or \$5,204,484 in excess of the receipts. The weight of second-class matter during the year, not including free circulation within the county of publication, was 94,479,607 pounds, the postage on which was \$1,889,592, an increase of \$184,414 over the previous year. The New York city Post Office handled the greatest weight, the amount being 23,529,581 pounds.

THE bi-centennial anniversary of the organization of the Board of East New Jersey Proprietors, was held in the Town Hall of Perth Amboy, on the 25th ultimo, with Charles E. Noble, of Morristown, as President. Courtlandt Parker, Esq., delivered a long historical address. The original board was formed in 1684, when twelve men purchased of Sir George Carteret the entire province of East New Jersey, comprising one-half of the State, and sold a half interest to twelve others. An office was opened at Perth Amboy, and for two hundred years the association has kept up its organization. Each member had a right to dispose of his share, and a number were sold, while others are still held by descendants of the original proprietors. There are now sixty shares.

THE CATTLEMEN'S CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.

THE First National Convention of Cattlemen was held in the east nave of the Exposition Building at St. Louis, during the week beginning Monday, November 17th. About 1,000 delegates were present, and all the great-producing and cattle-raising areas of the United States were represented. Colorado had a delegation of 150, and Texas, Wyoming and New Mexico had almost equally large representations. Mexico sent delegates, two Indians represented their Territory, and the East had gentlemen present who were given a prominent place in the Convention. In all, the delegates represented some \$2,000,000,000. The citizens of St. Louis provided hospitably for their guests, and the week was one of great enjoyment to them all. Major C. C. Rainwater, of St. Louis,



HON. JOHN L. ROUTT, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLEMEN, HELD AT ST. LOUIS, NOV. 17-23.



COL. R. D. HUNTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CATTLE AND HORSE-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.
PHOTO. FURNISHED BY J. J. JENNINGS.

was chosen temporary Chairman, and a permanent organization was effected by the selection of ex-Governor John L. Routt, of Colorado, as permanent Chairman, with General W. M. Curtis, of New York, for first Vice-president, and Amos T. Atwater, of St. Louis, Secretary. Major-general Jas. S. Brislin, U. S. A., Ft. Boise, Idaho, was Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, and remained a prominent figure throughout the Convention. Quickly, after organization, the members transacted so much of the business that before Saturday noon the purposes of the Convention had been attained. Resolutions were passed recommending that Congress pass a law establishing a cattle trail six miles wide, and locating it as far West as possible. Another recom-

mendation called upon Congress to allow the leasing of public domain to cattle-growers in all sections of the West except Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada and California. The Indian question was discussed, and Congress was again appealed to; this time to pass laws restricting the savages to their reservations in the Northwest, thereby preventing them from roaming about destroying cattle and firing prairie grass. Recommendations were also made for legislation in regard to pleuro-pneumonia and the hoof and mouth disease. Committees were appointed to visit Washington, D. C., during the session of Congress and agitate the questions here referred to. Early in the proceedings a resolution was adopted calling for the organization of a national association. This was organized on Saturday, after the adjournment of the Convention. The



MR. JOHN H. MAXON, CHAIRMAN OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLEMEN.
PHOTO. BY A. J. FOX.



NEW YORK.—A LONG ISLAND GOOSE FARM — BREAKFAST TIME.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.



MISSOURI—FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLEMEN, AT ST. LOUIS—THE FAMOUS COWBOY BAND OF DODGE CITY, KANSAS.
FROM A PHOTO. BY SNIDER & CO.

new organization will be known as the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association, and its principal offices will be located in St. Louis. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Colonel B. D. Hunter, of St. Louis; First Vice-President, Major-General James S. Brisbin, U. S. A., Idaho; Secretary, Amos T. Atwater. The next meeting of the National Association will be held in St. Louis during the last week in November, 1885.

A feature of the Convention week was the presence of the Dodge City, Kansas, Cowboy's Band, which furnished music for the occasion, appearing in the parades and at the banquets, and other festivities that made up the week's programme. Each member of the band was dressed in cowboy costume, white sombrero, blue flannel shirt, leather chaperon, spurs, heavy boots and sixteen inch six-shooters. The leader of the band wielded his revolver for a baton, and a sheepskin band on each sombrero had the brand of the ranch which the wearer represented. The band was organized two years ago at Dodge City, and after a few weeks' practice was dispersed, the members going to their respective ranches. They were called together ten days before the convention, had a week's rehearsal at Dodge City, and played everything from popular melodies to operatic selections. The members of the band, who represent \$20,000,000, are:

Captain J. S. Welch, Drum-major; L. W. Eastman, Eb Cor.; D. Mathies, Eb Cor.; James Smith, Eb Cor.; Roy Drake, Solo Bb Cor.; W. K. Robertson, 1st Bb Cor.; W. S. Reamer, 2d Bb Cor.; George Horder, 3d Bb Cor.; H. G. Willis, Solo Eb Alto; Harry Adams, 1st Eb Alto; Frank Cummings, 1st Eb Alto; L. A. Lauber, 2d Eb Alto; Frank Warren, 1st Bb Tenor; George Meserole, 2d Bb Tenor; C. M. Beeson, Baritone Bb; George Ragland, Eb Tuba; Charles Otero, Eb Tuba; C. A. Miller, Bass Drum and Cymbals; W. M. Viquesney, Snare Drum.

FUN.

It was care that killed the cat. Care—that is, in aiming the murderous boot-jack.

We understand that sealskin coats are going out of style, and in consequence coats are increasing among the fair sex. How fortunate there is such a remedy as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup!

An exchange has an elaborate account of the newest wrinkle in stockings. It omits, however, to mention the original wrinkle, which still continues to carry on business at the old stand under the heel.

"IT HAS MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM."

So writes the wife of the Rev. Dr. Staples, of New Canaan, Conn., in a communication to the *Methodist Protestant*, Md. Mrs. Staples says:

My husband has, for the last year and a half, been afflicted with that troublesome disease malarial, attended also with catarrh, which was rapidly growing upon him. He was so feeble at the session of our last 'Conference' that he thought a week or two previous he could not be able to attend. He commenced taking Compound Oxygen, and put himself fully under the treatment at my earnest request, the week before 'Conference,' and it is astonishing to see the vitalizing effects. It was almost immediately manifest in an increase of appetite, which had been scarce sufficient to sustain him. He is gradually increasing in strength and vitality. In fact, it has made a new man of him.

Our 'Treatise on Compound Oxygen,' containing a history of the disease and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures of Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STAPLES & PYLEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

Sitting Bull's real name is Tatankohyataka. From the quality of liquids he absorbs it would be appropriate to abbreviate it "Tank."

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The Fast and Cheapest Hair Dressing.

It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

"Do you believe in the freedom of the press?" asked Deacon Doogood of Farmer Furrow. "Certainly, old fellow; of course I do. Come down to the barn and sample some of it." As they walked off together Farmer Furrow said to himself, with a chuckle: "Sly old chap, that. Just as if I didn't know he was hinting for a drink of my new cider."

THE WAY IT HAPPENS.

For the same reason that a horse when over-worked, or a man, either, moves more and more slowly, so also do the liver and other great organs when overtaxed, grow slower in action and work abnormally. Liver disease inevitably leads to constipation, and constipation is the beginning of the decay of the physical system. DR. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS" are peculiarly adapted to the treatment of this ailment. Although gentle and easy in their effects, their powerful alternative properties give tone and energy to the whole digestive system, and, in curing the constipated habit, insure perfect comfort and convenience.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
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Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. LAWRENCE, 190 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE highest medical authorities concede ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

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Don't give up the ship. You are in the early stages of consumption, and you have been told that there is no hope for you—that you must die. It is not so. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" will restore you to health again. It will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

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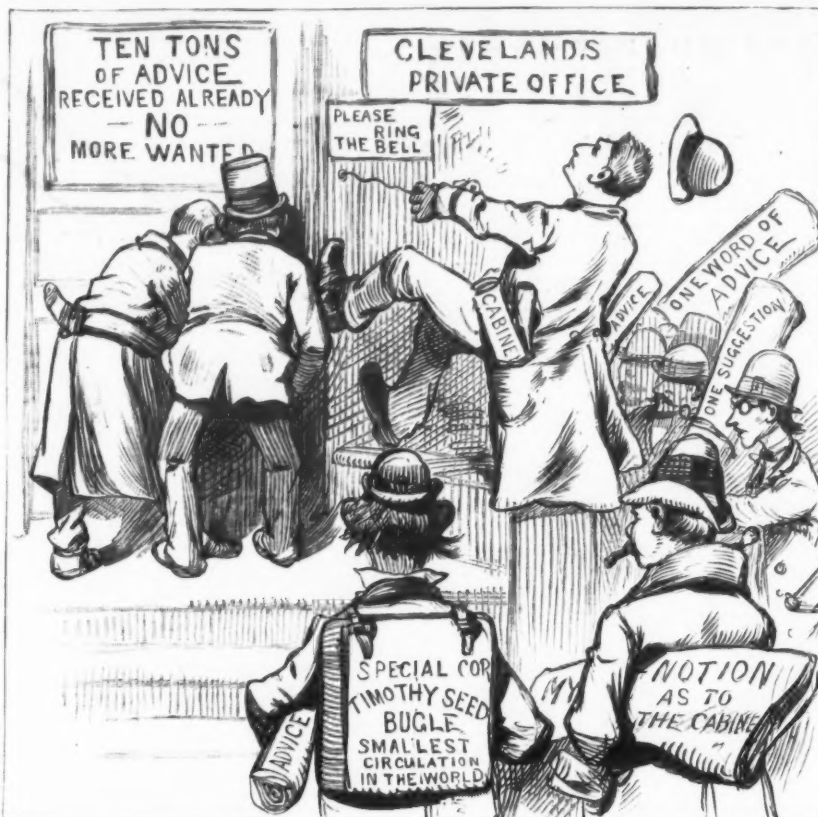
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